Spirit of the Times

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE { CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST. IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT. } NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1839. VOL. IX.—No. 19.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The twin letter from "FRED." and "Jim" did not reach us until yesterday. We wrote forthwith.

We are on our marrow bones to *The Baron*—just let him "wait a week," and see if we don't make 'em *ache*.

A portion only of the Wheeling Races has reached us. What *is* Mr. Norvell thinking of?

W. H. Jr. All right—the flies, lines and all are on their way to you.

Correspondents dating from Leonardtown, Washington, Berryville, and Jamaica unnoticed to-day shall be attended to forthwith. Their favors reached us yesterday morning, since which we have written four columns and a half for the "Spirit"—read a proof of and got out copy for eight pages of the "Register"—bought an assortment of trout-lines and flies, and a pair of carriage-horses—saw a lady off in a North River Steamboat (a long way off) and are ready now for almost anything between a late supper and an early prayer-meeting!

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 13, 1839.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

Since our last, the Liverpool packets of the 1st and 14th June (the *Virginian* and the *Siddons*,) have arrived. By the first we received our sporting and literary magazines for the current month, our agent having sent them by the packet, instead of keeping them back twelve days for the steam ship, as directed; by which inattention to instructions, they have been kept out of our hands a fortnight. However, we were better off than our neighbours, several of our English friends having kindly forwarded by the "Liverpool," the Sporting Review, and two or three parcels of miscellaneous London and Paris papers.

The June number of the New Sporting Magazine, contains a complete list from this paper, of the English Stallions in this country, giving their terms, places of standing, etc., remarking that "America is rich in its English possessions."

"The Sportsman," for June, has one capital article, as usual,—"Reminiscences of the Prairies,"—published as original, but stolen from this paper.

In our last we gave an extract of a letter to the Editor, from Mr. TATTERSALL. In speaking of the business transacted at his immense establishment, he writes:—

"You will hardly believe me when I tell you that my time is as much occupied as your own, even since you have been harnessed regularly for two stages instead of one, being now as before, a leader in the "Spirit" team, and a wheeler in the "Register." As you must be, not unfrequently, I am worked off my legs; I have been so full of business recently, that before evening I am literally tired to death. The repository has been crowded with horses for the last three months, and will be so up to the middle of July. You may imagine the number, when I tell you we have 120 each Monday, and nearly as many more on Thursday, those on Mondays being fresh horses. * * *

"I am happy to see Racing going on so well in your country. I think from the time quoted in your "Spirit," it would be a fine race between our horses and yours, as I consider them (if the time is correctly reported, and the mile the same) very nearly upon a par. The fact is, we rarely time our horses, and when we do, it is seldom done by watches that can be relied upon. * * *

"I was *very* glad to see the produce of *Polly Hopkins*, by Emilius, a winner, as I always considered this speculation of Mr. STEVENS a most sporting transaction, and no one rejoices more at his success than myself, although a stranger to him. Polly is a very nice mare, lengthy and racing-like—very much the Whalebone cut. She is now at my farm with *Glaucus*, and will, I most sincerely hope, produce as good a horse, and then Mr. S. may back him to any amount. Glaucus was a good horse, as honest as the day, and is allowed to be one of the finest and best shaped stallions in England, *although mine;* and though I am an Auctioneer, I am *no puffer* of *my own*, but am always ready to serve as far as in my power any American gentleman, and you, my dear sir, in particular."

An infinite variety of extracts from letters, papers, and magazines, will be found scattered through our columns to-day; we verily believe the paper contains more articles upon more different subjects than any journal in the Union, counting advertisements and all.

NEW YORK TATTERSALLS.

The celebrated Livery and Sale Stables bearing this name is now probably the most complete and extensive establishment this side of the Atlantic, approaching nearly to that of Hyde Park Corner, London, the repositories of the late Mr. BEARDSWORTH, of Birmingham, or that of Mr. LUCAS, at Liverpool. COWAN'S "Bazaar" in Crosby-street, the "Equestrian Exchange" in the Bowery, and "The Hippona" in Watt-street, all in this city, are very cleverly managed, and well constructed; was either establishment located in any of our neighboring cities, they would be deemed—and deservedly, too—very stylish and convenient. But *the* TATTERSALLS of the emporium of the Empire State is located in Broadway, adjoining the Olympic Theatre, and is unparalleled in this country, whether comfort, neatness, capacity, or arrangement is regarded. The stable has recently been entirely refitted, and has now capacious stalls for the accommodation of *Eighty-three* Livery Horses, and about Twenty Sale Horses extra, nearly one half of which can be taken down and put up again in twenty minutes. There is plenty of light, and a constant draft of air through the immense building. The manner in which the shifting stalls are put up is worthy of the attention of gentlemen building stables, either public or private. The number of horses now on livery is comparatively small, as many gentlemen have left town for their country seats, but we noticed a few days since several fast ones well known on the road as hard to beat; two four-in-hand teams were driven in during the twenty minutes we were there, one of which is tooled by "the Poet Laureate of the Spirit of the Times," a young gentleman about town, into whose hands have fallen, for the third or fourth time, a handsome fortune; and he is a trump, too, with his heart in the right place, and more real poetical genius than a whole brigade of the poetasters, whose feeble light is occasionally reflected in the Mirror, through the kindness and silence of poor Sam Woodworth, who has grown grey in licking their rhymes into the shape of verse, and very *blank* verse at that.

To return; the accommodation for Carriages, of which there is a great show has not been neglected. By means of an inclined plane from the side of the show ring, they are drawn up into the second story, and form a hollow square round the circle.

The "New York Tattersalls" was founded in 1828, by JOHN W. WATSON, Esq., and was the first establishment of the kind in this country. Strict attention to the interests of his patrons, a pleasant address, and the great public convenience of this establishment, soon made it popular, while in a few years it repaid the industry and enterprise of the proprietor by a handsome competency; last season Mr. W. sold out, and Mr. O. J. MOORE assumed the management of the establishment; in a short time, however, he cut it and it passed into the hands of the present proprietor, Mr. GEORGE W. MILLER, who has remodeled the whole, making an addition to the concern as large as the original itself. The "great guns" of the establishment, Messrs. ALEX. M. BLACK and JOHN BUCKLEY, (Post Boy's old trainer) are still there as usual; indeed, we are inclined to attribute a great portion of Watson's success to the fidelity, intelligence and popularity of "ELLEK," who can sell a horse, discuss a tragedy, indite a paragraph, tool a roadster or tell a story, with any mother's son of 'em all between June and Jericho.

THE NEWBURGH REGATTA.

WM. T. PORTER, Esq.—*Dear Sir*—Wednesday, the 10th of July, being the day appointed for the Regatta at this place, an immense crowd of persons embarked in the morning boats, all eager to witness the exciting spectacle about to be presented for their gratification. On board the *Highlander* might be observed the strangest and most diversified countenances; here the sturdy oarsman intently and anxiously eyeing the several boats destined to take part in the coming contest, while the mingled expression of hope and uncertainty, confidence and doubt, which alternately marked their countenances, afforded a fine study for the physiognomist. Here, dangling his watch-chain, with an air of unconcern, stands a "knowing one," whose bets have been made with judgment, as he thinks, and who feels a perfect confidence in the result. A short distance off, lounges a *green-horn*, the "wooden spoon" of his class, who has been humbugged by his wide-awake friend to "post his pewter" on a boat, whose capabilities were utterly unknown to him, and whose very name was new to him at the time.

The *Highlander* reached Newburgh at 12 o'clock, and the day was as favorble for the sport as could possibly have been desired, though the intense heat of a July sun might have been somewhat tempered without detracting from the comfort of the spectators. A gentle ripple was upon the water—so gentle as scarcely to ruffle the smooth and sparkling surface of the Bay, and a light breeze from the westward refreshed us after our sultry trip through the Highlands.

A salute of some 14 guns from the shore greeted the Highlander as she pass along, which was loudly responded to by the hundreds of passengers that thronged her deck.

When the rival boats started in the race, the sight was one of extreme beauty The innumerable windows of the Warehouses and Factories were crowded with ladies—every piazza and house-top was stirring with "animated beauty"—the docks and steamboats, and the rigging of the sloops and schooners, were all crowded with an indescribable mass of men, women, and children of all ranks and ages. The splendid bands of music, including the celebrated one from West Point, contributed much to the enjoyment of the scene. And now, my dear sir, that I have endeavored to describe to you the scene at starting, let me introduce you to the "bonny boats," and their adieu.

The first race came off at about half past 2 o'clock—two pairs of sculls—for which the following boats were entered: *Ripple*, *Serf*, and *Jessie*, of New York, and the *Isaac Martling*, of Haverstraw. The distance to be rowed was nearly six miles. In this race the *Isaac M.* came in far ahead of the *Ripple*, but owing to some infringement of the rules, the silver prize cup, valued at $75, was awarded to the latter—time 53 minutes.

The second race was for four oared boats—prize, a silver vase valued at $150—distance, six miles. The following were the entries—The *Victoria*, *Duane*, and *Ben Hatfield*, of New York, and the *Alwilda*, of Poughkeepsie. After a very interesting contest the Duane came in ahead, winning the race easily, the Ben Hatfield 2d, and Alwilda 3d—but where was the *Victoria?* Have patience, and I'll tell you how the Duane came to win so easily. The *Victoria*, after keeping company with the others as far as the stake boat, preserving a few "links" for the last half of the distance, and being on her return, unfortunately received an ugly scratch along her "back bone" from a sand bar, on which she had to remain, much against her will, for at least half an hour, her crew having to push her off. Had it not been for this untoward accident, it would have been *at least* a tie between her and the Duane—Time, 43m. 35s.

And now the "crowning glory" of the day was to be witnessed—the six-oared race was to come off, a match between the best oarsmen of the land—the following named boats were seen waiting in line for the signal to start:—The *Wave*, of New York, the *Corsair*, *Scylla*, and *Galatea*, of Newburg, the *Lafitte*, of Coldspring, and the *Washington*, of Po'keepsie. They were all well off at the signal, the Scylla taking the lead, with the Corsair close up, the Washington following, and the Wave with her long steady pull, working her way upon them slowly but surely. After a smart pull for it, she overhauled them one by one, passing the Washington about half way to the stake-boat, and taking the lead; she rounded the first two, but before she reached the third she shipped a frightful sea, which placed her crew in damp seats, and at once placed her chance of winning without the pale of possibility. The crew therefore threw up their oars, and allowed the Corsair to take the lead, which boat came in 1st, Lafitte 2d, Scylla 3d, Washington 4th, and Galatea 5th. Time, 39m. 30s.

Thus did the favorite Wave encounter an accident which proved fatal to her chance of victory, when bets were running as high as 20 to 1 on her. She was deservedly the favorite from the first, for with but an ordinary "Wave crew" to man her (Mathews and Rollins being on the sick list), she was cutting out the work for her friends in fine style, when the briny flood destroyed the fairy visions of her backers.

The Corsair, having a picked crew, was not allowed to take the 1st prize, and the Lafitte received the splendid silver vase, valued at $225, and the Scylla the 2d prize—a silver goblet, of the value of $75

Much dissatisfaction was expressed at the manageme t of the whole affair, and no doubt the experience derived from this day's amusement will give rise to many improved regulations in future. The stake boats were misplaced, and too little attention was paid to retaining the men in their respective boats, and they were consequently allowed to stray too far in quest of "best men" to put in their places.

The *Wave* and *Victoria* rowed from New York to Newburg, leaving New York on Monday Evening, and reaching Hastings' Landing, a distance of 22 miles, in two hours! There they took a comfortable night's rest, and resumed their trip early the next morning, breakfasting at Sing Sing, and dining at West Point. From thence they rowed in the cool of the evening to Fishkill, their place of destination, after a pleasant pull of 60 miles.

Your obed't sevr't, S.

THE LONDON STAGE TWENTY YEARS AGO. No. 6.

MACREADY.

[Written for the "Spirit of the Times."]

The eminence to which MACREADY has elevated himself in his profession, has conjured up a host of enemies. His style of acting is carped at, his faults magnified, his beauties crushed by the jealousy of his critics, and every thing that meanness can suggest or malice prompt is brought into action for the purpose of driving him from the stage. And to what end? Is it that Shakspeare receives too much honor at his hands, or that for one season at least he has wrenched from the insulting domination of beast-tamers, the stage, where Kemble and Siddons reigned in glory and in triumph? Or is it that the admirers of the younger Kean insist on establishing *their* idol as the *né plus ultra* of histrionic excellence, which they, perhaps, may idly dream of effecting by destroying his superior—nay, his master? In either case nothing but discomfiture must attend such pusillanimity. Shakspeare is incrusted in all hearts, panting adoration is at his shrine; no pilgrim to the tomb of Mecca ever bore more sanctity of soul to the sepulchre of the turban'd chief, than breathe the learned of our generation when the name of Avon's Bard is mentioned. Sneer at Macready for his classical revivals and ye sneer at Shakspeare! Revile him and ye heap filth upon Shakspeare's grave!

A comparison between Macready and Charles Kean will not hold for a single moment. I will not do the former so much wrong as to entertain it—"Hyperion to a Satyr"—but as Macready and not Kean, is the subject of this notice, I shall content myself with speaking of him as I found him twenty years ago.

John Kemble was a large shareholder in Covent Garden Theatre, and when he determined on retiring from the stage he deemed it necessary to increase the tragic strength of the company. With this view he engaged Macready, in the same way that he had years before engaged Charles Young, namely, to play second tragedy and heavy melo-drama. Every new actor is allowed the choice of character for his first appearance, and Macready selected *Orestes* in *The Distressed Mother*, a part which the celebrated Talma had made his own. The play is one of Racine's most eloquent productions, and is admirably translated by Ambrose Phillips. It was known that the style of the *debutant* was decidedly *French*, and that he resembled in declamation the great Parisian Roscius; the house, therefore, was crowded with all the fashion of the town. His success was most triumphant—a new school was at once apparent, differing entirely from either the elder Kean or Kemble; the public was fascinated, and in a very few days pronounced him the *third* actor of the British metropolis. He has never lost *caste* for a single hour; in producing effect he was never surpassed—he could command the tears and terrors of his hearers, and bear them with him throughout the mimic scene. Whilst Young was on the stage, Macready seldom had the chance of a good Shakspearean character. Cassius and Henry the Fifth were all that fell to his share. In the former, he certainly had the advantage of Young, who was much too quiet and melo-dramatic in Brutus. The first scene between the two is a great piece of eloquent dialogue, commencing—

"Will you go see the order of the course?"

In this, Macready was most powerful; he describes the half-drowned Cæsar—his fever in Spain—his calling for drink "like a sick girl," with scornful vehemence and with all the energy of a man struggling to be free from the cords of oppression. Then, his pouring the seditious distilment into the ears of Brutus, and convincing him that Cæsar was a tyrant, threw the audience into raptures, and they thundered down their just and hearty approval of the ripening talents of a young actor. The quarrel scene and the death of Cassius, were triumphs that were greeted with loud and tumultuous shouts.

About this period Richard Lalor Shiel, the Irish Barrister, and since the emancipator of the Catholics, a member of the British Parliament, wrote a tragedy for Covent Garden, measuring the powers of each *artiste* with the nicety of a tailor or shoemaker. It was called "The Apostate," the part of *Count Pescara* by Macready, who in this splendid effort made a lion-leap to the highest grade in his profession. The true and vivid portraiture of the villain had never been equalled since the days of Cooke in *Iago* and *Stukely*, and *he* was almost forgotten by *one* half of the play-goers, and unknown to the other. "The Apostate," with Charles Kemble, Young, and Miss O'Neill, was a splendid achievement, and in a great measure dried the tears that were shedding for the departure of Mrs. Siddons and her brother. It gave glorious promise of a glorious future, and the palmy state of the British Drama appeared about to revive. Very shortly after this, Shiel produced a second tragedy, "Bellamira, or The Fall of Tunis," enacted by the same four gifted individuals; the part of *Sinano* was borne aloft by Macready, and increased his renown at each representation. A third tragedy by the same author, "Evadne, or The Statue," in which Macready personated with astounding effect the character of *Ludovico*, sealed for ever the actor's noble superiority.

Subsequently, Sheridan Knowles has taken him in hand, and intertwined his magnificent talents with the brilliant emanations of his own mind. He wrote for him, and *him* only, several exquisite plays, "Virginius," "William Tell," "Alfred the Great;" the two former have been *attempted* by almost every leading actor of the day, and only tended to prove the greatness of Macready. Kean tried Virginius—I saw him fail in it—Young repeated the experiment—once—Knowles *fitted* the part to the master-mind of its first representative, and with all others it was a *mis-fit*. In the midst of these various triumphs Macready was made to feel very uncomfortable by being obliged to appear in melo-drames of no very elevated character He made the most of *Gambia* in the "Slave," and of *Rob Roy*, but the lofty aspirings of his soul were checked by the theatrical discipline, which, whilst Young was in the field, kept him from the eminence to which he was justly entitled.

At length he burst his trammels, and engaged himself at the rival establishment as leading tragedian, selecting, for his first appearance, *Macbeth*. Great curiosity prevailed, and no small degree of excitement. His friends were made happy by his brilliant success in the part, which was considered second *only* to John Kemble's impersonation. It was immeasurably superior to Kean's or Young's, and *so* it was considered by the best judges of that day. He bounded at once into the Shakspearean domain, and disported with all the ecstacy of the forest deer. Alone, unrestrained, with free and full range, and with all the adjunctive elements at his command, he entered upon a career of no ordinary splendor. Himself a light—a blazing torch, surrounded by meteoric streams of lesser brilliancy—dazzling the theatrical world with a galaxy, and by the continued scintillations of unfettered genius giving earnest of future and of further greatness, he stood unreached, unreachable, an entirely new school of acting—*one*, of his *own* creation.

With that inherent homage which one great mind pays to another, he took the first opportunity of bringing "Werner" and "Sardanapalus" upon the stage In the former he achieved a confirmation of his growing excellence, and rendered a noble tribute to immortal Byron. The last scene was terrific; I never wish to see it again—he represented poor *Werner*, dying piecemeal. Good God! even now before me is the glazing eye—the livid cheek—the falling jaw—the quivering frame and the decrepid mass, proclaiming, visibly, that

"The race of Siegendorf is past."

This effort was without parallel; Kean, Kemble, or Siddons, might have taken a lesson and profited by it.

L

BEAUTIES OF "BOZ."

Kitchen Amusements.—When the punch was about half gone, Sam ordered in some oysters from the greengrocer's shop, and the effect of both were so extremely exhilarating, that Mr. Inckle, dressed out in a cocked hat and stick, danced the frog hornpipe among the shells on the table, whilst the gentleman in blue played an accompaniment upon an ingenious musical instrument formed of a hair comb and curl paper.

Running Footmen.—Mr. Whiffers explained: "He said he certainly could have wished to have continued to hold the appointment which he had resigned. The uniform was rich and expensive, the females of the family were most agreeable, and the duties of his situation not, he was bound to say, too heavy; the principal service required of him being that he should look out of the hall window as much as possible, in company with another gentleman, who had also resigned. He could have wished to have spared that company the painful and disgusting details on which he was about to enter, but as the explanation had been demanded of him, he had no alternative but to state boldly and distinctly, that he had been required to eat cold meat."

Local Magistracy.—"Are you aware, madam, of the activity of our local magistracy?" said Mr. Nupkins. "Do you happen to know, madam, that I rushed into a prize ring on the fourth of May last, attended by only sixty special constables, and at the hazard of falling a sacrifice to the angry passions of an infuriated populace, prohibited a pugilistic contest between the Middlesex Dumpling and the Suffolk Bantam?"

Chalybeate Water.—"Have you drank the waters, Mr. Weller," inquired his companion, as they walked towards the High-street. "Once," replied Sam. "What did you think of them, sir?" "I thought as how they wos particulery unpleasant," said Sam. "Oh," said Mr. John Smauker, "you didn't like the killybeate taste perhaps?" "I don't know much about that ere," said Sam, "I thought they'd a wery strong flavor o' warm flat irons."

A Truth.—"This is a very impartial country for justice," said Sam. "There aint a magistrate going as don't commit himself twice as often as he commits other people."

Gaol Birds.—"They don't mind it," said Sam, "it's a regular holiday to them—all porter and skittles. It's the other vuns as gets done over vith this sort of things: them down-hearted fellows as can't swig away at the beer, nor play at skittles, neither; them as vould pay if they could, and gets low by being boxed up. I'll tell you what it is, Sir, them as is always a idling in public-houses it don't damage at all, and them as is always working ven they can, it damages too much. It is unekal, and that's the fault on it, as my father used for to say when his grog warn't made half and half."

Hard Service.—"Well, they tell me I am looking blooming," said the man with a cocked hat, "it's a wonder, too, I've been following our old woman about two hours a day for the last fortnight; and if a constant contemplation of the manner in which she hooks and eyes that infernal old lavendar-colored gown of hers behind, isn't enough to turn anybody into despondency for life, stop my quarter's wages."

Temptation v. Temperance.—"It's always the way," said Mr. Smauker, "if your destiny leads you into public station, you must expect to be subjected to temptations which other people is free from, Mr. Weller." "Precisely what my uncle said ven he went into the public line," remarked Sam, "and werry right the old gen'lm'n was, for he drank himself to death in something less than a quarter."

Gentlemen.—"I suppose the other gentlemen as sleeps here are gentlemen," said Sam. "Nothing but," replied Roker, "one on 'em takes his twelve pints of ale a day, and never leaves off smoking even at his meals."

Warden's Room.—Now, although this room was a very uncomfortable one, being, in every point of decoration and convenience, several hundred degrees inferior to the commonest infirmary of a country gaol, it had at present the merit of being wholly deserted, save by Mr. Pickwick himself. So he sat down at the foot of his little iron bedstead, and began to wonder how much a year the warden made out of the dirty room. Having satisfied himself by mathematical calculation, that the apartment was about equal in annual value to the freehold of a small street in the suburbs of London, he took to wondering what possible temptations could have induced a dingy-looking fly, that was crawling over his pantaloons, to come into a close prison, when he had the choice of so many airy situations, a course of meditation which led him to the irresistible conclusion that the insect was insane.

Spectral Illusions.—"I wonder what the ghost of a mail-coach would carry in its bag?" asked the landlord. "The *dead* letters of course," said the bagman.

MRS. WAYLETT.

From a family that had, until the commencement of the last century, been extensive landholders in Westphalia, and who, before their name was modernized into Cooke, bore the by no means euphonious appellation of Couque, is Mrs. Waylett descended. Her father (Mr. John Cooke, a respectable upholsterer of Broad-street, Bath) is one of three brothers, the children of whom are, or have been, attached to theatrical life. In writing this brief sketch of the lady in question, we must confess that we are not in the possession of the date of her birth, though, perhaps, were we inclined to guess, we should, from local circumstances, be more likely to come to the truth than the many biographers of the fair syren have succeeded in doing. The omission of a pretty woman's age is a thing of no consequence, for, while they possess the art of fascination, or before old Time has taken the liberty of placing his signet on their brows, they are to us youthful, and we need not the dull record of the parish book to disturb the *poetry* of our deception.

The first appearance of Mrs. Waylett was upon the stage of the Bath theatre, on the evening of March 16th, 1816, when she personated the character of Elvina, in the drama of the "Blind Boy." She had been previously under the tuition of John Loder, the eminent violinist, by whom the parents of Miss Cooke were advised to make the stage the young lady's future profession. Much importunity on this subject was not needed, for her *debut* had been attended with the most favorable results. The following season the subject of this memoir was engaged as a regular member of the Bath company, and entered upon her duties by appearing in the character of Leonora. This, her second appearance, was hailed by the public of Bath, with whom she enhanced an already acquired fame by her exquisite performance of Madge, in the opera of "Love in a Village." Miss Cooke became, in the year 1819, attached to the Coventry theatre, in which she met with the gentleman to whom she subsequently gave her hand. From the above town the newly-married couple went to Birmingham, in which the lady made her first curtsey in the character of her favorite Madge. Here she remained a great time, playing in both the old and new theatres. That the fame of the fair syren should have paved her way to the metropolis, cannot be wondered at; and she and her husband (the latter merely through the talent possessed by his wife) were engaged at the Adelphi, at that period under the joint management of Messrs. Rodwell and Jones. The character in which Mrs. Waylett first came before a metropolitan audience was that of Corinthian Kate, in Moncrieff's extravaganza of "Tom and Jerry;" and it is almost a work of supererogation upon our part to state that she became a standard favorite. She subsequently visited Dublin, where she was (speaking in a professional sense) actually idolized; and no greater proof of this can be given than in the circumstance of a committee of gentlemen being formed for the purpose of presenting her with a testimonial of their admiration, which resulted in the gift of a magnificent gold bracelet, bearing the national emblems in precious stones, accompanied by a diamond ring. Upon her return to England, Mrs. Waylett played at Drury Lane, when that theatre was opened by Captain Polhill, and at the termination of the season went to the New Strand Theatre. Since then she has played at the several minors; and in 1836 produced the farces of "West Country Wooing" and "Kate Kearney" at the Queen's Theatre. Her subsequent career has comprised a "starring" excursion in the country, and a re-engagement at the Strand Theatre, where she is now nightly delighting the public with her sweet warbling. Mrs. Waylett is collaterally related to George Frederick Cooke, the great tragedian.

FROLICS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

In the reign of Charles, Frances Jennings, the elder sister of the Duchess, was flattered, rather than ashamed, at the publicity of her adventure in the theatre, disguised as an orange-girl, in the sight of the Duchess of York, her patroness, and of the whole Court. The frolic was, indeed, fully borne out in its extravagance and assurance by precedent. "At this time," says Bishop Burnet, "the Court fell into much extravagance in masquerading: both the King and Queen, and all the Court, went about masked, and came into houses unknown, and danced there with wild frolic. In all this, people were so disguised, that, without being in the secret, none could know them. They were carried about in hackney chairs. Once the Queen's chairmen, not knowing who she was, went from her. So she was quite alone, and was much disturbed, and came to Whitehall in a hackney-coach, some say in a cart." On another occasion, Queen Katherine thought it not unseemly to resort to a fair at Audley, in company with the Duchesses of Buckingham and Richmond, disguised as country lasses, all in red petticoats, waistcoats, et cetera; Sir Bernard Gascoigne riding before the Queen on "a cart jade," and the two Duchesses also on double horses, one with a stranger before her, the other with Mr. Roper. These ladies happened so to have overdressed their parts as to excite the attention of the crowd; looking, as it is related, "more like antiques than country volk." The Queen, however, who made her way up to a booth, to buy "a pair of yellow stockings for her sweetheart," was discovered, as well as her attendant, Sir Bernard, "by their gibberish," to be strangers. The result may easily be supposed; the assembled country people mounted their horses, and, all amazement and curiosity, pursued the Royal party to the Court gate.

POLITICAL CARICATURES BY "H. B."

The London Morning Post makes the following mention of the last Caricature of her Majesty's Ministers. Robinson, of Wall Street, gets out a new one nearly every week of some of the good people at Washington, but none we fancy that will compare with those of his transatlantic contemporaries for audacity.

"The '*Thimble'-rig*" is cleverly imagined and well executed. H. B. has once more embodied the caustic wit of Lord Stanley, who first fixed on the present administration the *sobriquet* of the "Thimble-Rig Ministry."

A group of low swindlers who occasionally infest our race courses, is personified by Lord Melbourne, as the principal operator, assisted by Lord John Russell, in a character looking a good deal like a broken-down horse-dealer; Lord Morpeth is one of the doubtful sort of yokels unhappily to be found sometimes in our rural population, half knave and half fool; and Spring Rice, a practical Jeremy Diddler, ready to do all comers at any game they please, from pitch-and-toss downwards. Such seems to be the regular gang. But there are certain accomplices standing by; of the most prominent are Lord Normanby, enacting flash-man, and three effeminate looking dandies, evidently women in men's clothes. It is pretty clear that these last, in assuming a charcter that does not belong to them, are intended for certain ladies whose names by some accident have lately been a good deal before the public. Yet, if this be the case, the artist has accommodated himself to the prevailing misrepresentation, and, in order to make them more like the *youthful* friends of an exalted person, has post-dated their birth by a score or two of years; and one of them, by the way, has very much the air of being in a situation to call for the delicate investigation of the confidential domestic physician.

The thimble-rigger in chief, Lord Melbourne, backed by the support of the quartett we have just described, is chuckling over the trick he has played off on two respectable men, who are walking off the course in no very good humor at having been "done out of a sovereign." These are the precise words used by one of them, in whom we cannot but recognise the Duke of Wellington, to the other, whom it would be equally impossible to mistake for any body but Sir Robert Peel. Indeed, good as are the likenesses of all the *dramatic personæ*, excepting the aforesaid imaginary Ladies of the Bedchamber, those of the Duke and Sir Robert are, perhaps, the best.

Still we must not give unmixed praise to the design. H. B. has committed the same blunder in it that he did in his recent sketch of "The Invincibles." He has again introduced the highest person in the realm as sanctioning the cheat put upon the Conservative statesmen. There is, no doubt, an air of reluctant gravity on the countenance of Majesty; but there she is, nevertheless, in very bad society, and if not actually consenting to what goes forward, at least without the power to check or control the evil practices of those by whom she is surrounded.

Taken altogether, however, this is one of H. B.'s most successful efforts; but, if he intend still further to pursue the subject, we recommend him to lose no time, as public indignation is now raised against the thimble-riggers, and bids fair very speedily to consign them to the pump or the horse-pound.

MRS. SIDDON'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN DUBLIN.

The following ludicrous critique appeared in an Irish paper on the first appearance of Mrs. Siddons in Dublin:—On Saturday, May 30, 1784, Mrs. Siddons, about whom all the world has been talking, exposed her beautiful, adamantine, soft, and lovely person for the first time at the Smock-alley Theatre, in the bewitching, melting, and all-tearful character of Isabella. From the repeated panegyrics in the impartial London newspapers we were taught to expect the sight of a heavenly angel; but how were we supernaturally surprised into the most awful joy at beholding a mortal goddess. The house was crowded with hundreds more than it could hold—with thousands of admiring spectators that went away without a sight.

"This extraordinary phenomenon of tragic excellence! this star of Melpomene! this comet of the stage! this sun in the firmament of the Muses! this moon of blank verse! this queen and princess of tears! this Donnellan of the poisoned bowl! this empress of the pistol and dagger! this chaos of Shakspeare! this world of weeping clouds! this Juno of commanding aspects! this Terpsichore of the curtains and scenes! this Proserpine of fire and earthquake! this Katterfelto of wonders! exceeded expectation, went beyond belief, and soared above all the natural powers of description! She was nature itself! She was the most exquisite work of art! She was the very daisy, primrose, tuberose, sweet-brier, furze-blossom, gilliflower, wall-flower, cauliflower, and rosemary! In short she was a bouquet of Parnassus!

"Where expectation was raised so high, it was thought she would be injured by her appearance; but it was the audience who were injured—several of them fainted before the curtain drew up.

"When she came to the scene of parting with her wedding-ring, ah! what a sight was there! The very fiddlers in the orchestra, 'albeit unused to the melting mood,' blubbered like hungry children crying for their bread and butter; and when the bell rang for music between the acts the tears ran from the bassoon players' eyes in such plentiful showers that they choked the finger stops; and making a spout of the instrument, poured in such torrents on the first fiddler's book, that, not seeing the overture was in two sharps, the leader of the band actually payed in one flat. But the sobs and sighs of the groaning audience, and the noise of corks drawn from the smelling-bottles prevented the mistake between flats and sharps being discovered.

"One hundred and nine ladies fainted, forty-six went into fits, and ninety-five had strong hysterics! The world will scarcely credit the truth when they are told that fourteen children, five old women, one hundred tailors, and six common-council men, were actually drowned in the inundation of tears that flowed from the galleries, the slips, and the boxes to increase ths briny pond in the pit; the water was three feet deep; and the people that were obliged to stand upon the benches were in that position up to their ancles in tears!

"An Act of Parliament against her playing any more will certainly pass."

THE LATE HENRY HARRIS, ESQ.

It has never been our lot, as recorders of events in the theatrical world, to have a more melancholy task than to relate the death of Mr. Harris, who, as the proprietor of seven-twelfths of Covent-garden Theatre, and from having been its manager in its most successful times for upwards of thirteen years, had been mixed up with English theatricals for the last forty years. We are fully persuaded that every one of our readers who had heard of him, will partake of our sorrow at recording his loss; while those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and that numerous class who had experienced his kindness, will regret him as a true friend and a delightful companion. In consequence of age and illness, this much respected father of Henry Harris relinquished the management of the theatre to his son in 1809, from which time, for a period of thirteen years, he conducted Covent-garden Theatre; and as the treasury is the best test of theatrical management, his must have been excellent, since it is upon record in the Court of Chancery, upon incontestible evidence, that the receipts of those thirteen years averaged upwards of £80,000 per annum, while it is almost just as well known that from the moment of his relinquishing the management to gratify the caprice of the minor proprietors, they have never amounted to £52,000 If more proof were wanting of this tact of a manager, the maximum of the salaries in his days, for the best actors, was twenty pounds a week, while the minimum is now the same sum per night, yet every body was content, every body pleased, and Mr. Harris was beloved and respected by his whole company. His management brought forward Miss O'Neil and Miss Stephens, and his liberality was such as to keep them always attached to his establishment. It was not till after his secession that Miss Stephens became attached to the rival establishment. His fine temper and urbane manners made him beloved by all around, and though moving in the first circles, being one of the usual Carlton House guests, he was accessible to, and in the midst of a very numerous acquaintance with, authors and actors, we have never heard one of them speak of Henry Harris but with affection and respect. His duty to the property of himself and partners compelled him to oppose the infringement upon the patent right of his theatre; but his opposition was always conducted in a fair, gentlemanly, and honorable manner. We have heard that his rivals themselves acknowledged it, and spoke of him in the same terms as his friends. He was likewise sole proprietor of the Dublin Theatre, the patent of which was given to him as a personal favor from George IV., and was renewed during the last year of the reign of William IV. A personal knowledge of more than twenty years leads us to respect him on more than mere public grounds—for those who knew him intimately could alone estimate the amiability, kindness, and urbanity by which Mr. Harris's intercourse with society was always characterised In person, he had been one of the handsomest men of his day; and was particularly fitted for the duties he filled by his education and acquirements. In early life he was a great proficient in fencing, riding, and the other gentlemanly athletic exercises; and these with a good constitution promised a long life, but a neglected cold brought on the bane of his family, consumption—and he died, Sunday, May 12, most generally and sincerely regretted.

Sun Fishing.—During the last three weeks several large sun fish having been observed about the island off Boffin, some of the islanders put off in their boats under the superintendence of Mr. Henry Hildebrand for the purpose of endeavoring to take some of those fish. On the evening of Thursday, the 2d inst., the men belonging to two boats, the Erin and the Negro, the latter the property of the Marquis of Sligo, succeeded in spearing two, and a man named Lavelle, and those on board Mr. Morris, two more. In all there were twelve speared, eight of which were lost in consequence of bad tackle. One of immense size escaped after a struggle of six hours. Mayo Constitution.

Salmagundi.

TOASTS.—*One that was helped out.*—We read in some paper of a toast, or rather a part of one, that was given at a military celebration at the North some years since. A militia colonel was called upon for a sentiment. He arose, and thinking it must be something partaking of a military character, commenced with,

"The military of our country—may they never want—" Here he stuck. "May they never want—" Stuck again. He looked imploringly around the table, when a friend, who noticed his dilemma, whispered, "and never be wanted."

"*And never be wanted,*" shouted the colonel at the top of his lungs. Two heads are better than one, is an old saying, and the correctness of it was proved in this instance, as between them they manufactured the following capital toast: "The military of our country—may they never *want*, and may they never be *wanted*."

One there was no help for.—A friend of ours in Cincinnati, a wag of a fellow, who has always a good story on hand, related the following while we were sojourning a few days there last fall:—

A diffident, backward chap was about to attend a Fourth of July dinner, and lacking confidence in his own abilities, considered it the more prudent course to have a toast ready "cut and dried" for the occasion. He got it all by heart, yet fearing he might make a blunder, took the precaution to write it off and stow it carefully away in his pocket. To the dinner he went, and was eventually called upon for a sentiment. He arose, and with much dignity commenced,—"*The American Eagle,*" giving his right hand a flourish. "I will give you, gentlemen, 'the American Eagle,'" Here he was brought to a full stop. "The American Eagle," said he a third time, giving his left hand a flourish; but it was no go—the bird, or rather the cream of the toast had flown from his memory. His embarrassment increased, "I will give you," said he, "the American Eagle," at the same time running his hand over and into his vest pockets, hunting for his toast. "The American Eagle," continued he, giving the pockets of his pantaloons a similar search. He was now in a tremendous flurry. "The American Eagle," he shouted, his hands flying from one pocket to another in a frenzy; but he could neither find his toast in his pockets, nor words to finish it in his mind. Wrought up, finally, to the highest pitch of despair, he burst out with, "D——n the American eagle I've lost it!"

New Orleans Picayune.

Another Wellerism.—It can't be did, as the shad said when he tried to climb a bean pole, tail first, with a loaf of bread in his mouth.

The Latest Case of Forgetfulness.—The greatest piece of forgetfulness we have ever heard of recently occurred on one of the western canals. An emigrating Yankee, with his wife, child, and other "household plunder," was making his way "out West" on board a canal boat. On arriving at the end of the canal, he moved his bed and bedding, tables, chairs and pans, on board some other conveyance. He looked over every thing to see that all was right. Something was missing. He scratched his head, thought the matter over, but still could not make out what he had left. Back to the boat he went, and meeting the captain on the wharf, he enquired,

"I say you, capting, haint I left something aboard your boat?"

"Not that I know of; do you miss any thing?"

"Yes, I do. I miss sum of my things; but I'm darn'd if I can make out what they are."

"Have you looked over every thing?"

"Every bag and bundle—overhauled my duds twice—know there's sumthin's a missin' jest as easy as nothin', and here the other craft is about a startin,' and I've got to go off and leave it. It's tu darn'd bad, I snum it is."

"Well, there's not a thing on board the boat to my knowledge except your wife and child."

"Them's um—they are what I missed," said the Yankee, jumping for joy. "Now, who'd a thought it? Here I was goin' off and leavin' the old woman and little Sally Ann behind. I 'spect I should a missed um afore I got to my journey's end, but I'll be condarned if I could make out what I left. 'Twould a been a good joke, would'nt, if I'd gone clean out to the far west and forgot them entirely."

So saying, the Yankee "packed off" with his wife and Sally Ann rejoicing. There are a good many men who would not mind about leaving such trifles as a wife and child behind, but this forgetful Yankee was too honest.

N. O. Picayune.

Argus Boys.—If a lad behaves well, in this country, his chances of success in the world are quite sure. All may not attain the same degree of consequence in the eyes of the public—but if they are industrious and virtuous, they can hardly fail of becoming useful and happy members of society. On noticing the appointment of Philip De Creney to be Consul at Martinique, we were induced to look back, and see where many of those lads are, who received a portion of their education, at a very critical period of life, in the Argus office. By a hasty glance, we see one of them is Consul at Martinique—one is postmaster of Saco, and formerly conducted the "Democrat" in that village—one, after seeking the advantages of education, is co-editor of one of the best papers in the country, published in Philadelphia—one is postmaster of Bath, and established and for some time conducted the "Enquirer" at that place—one is a Catholic priest, and bids fair to be a bishop ere he die, as he is one of the finest scholars in the country, and whose chapel, a friend informs us, is crowded when he officiates at the altar, by those who hang with greedy ears upon his eloquence—one "fretted his brief hour" on the stage—one publishes a democratic paper in Bangor—and many others that have graduated from this office, are most respectable citizens in private life.

An apprentice to any mechanical trade in this country, has only to "mind his business"—improve himself in the various ways so cheaply offered—and keep out of bad company—to become an estimable man, and a worthy member of the great community.

[And we may add (what your natural modesty would not permit,) that the writer of the above is Senator of Maine, and co-editor of the Portland Argus.

Courier.]

An Incident.—Caution to the Ladies.—A few days since a young lady with her attendant beau, was promenading, and viewing one of the United States establishments in this vicinity, when the fair lady, with truly feminine timidity, became suddenly alarmed by a number of large wharf rats crossing her path—and in her fright she fancied that one of the hideous creatures had taken refuge under her lovely person, beneath her dress, which she fortunately succeeded in seizing, and held fast in her hand. Not daring to quit her hold, and almost fainting through alarm, she explained her awkward predicament to her companion, when they sought entrance into a neighboring house, where the lady was kindly received, and shown into a private room, to remove his rat-ship from beneath the folds of her garments, when, hands off! lo and behold what impudent animal dropped to the floor? Not an enormous *rat*, but the ladies' *bustle*—which had unexpectedly removed from its destination, and caused all the false alarm! It is need ess to add that the fair one's difficulties were speedily adjusted, and she soon recovered from her fright. Bos. Merc. Jour.

A Broad Hint.—Lady Isabella Finch, daughter of the Earl of Winchelsea, was Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess Amelia; Lord Bath one evening, having no silver, borrowed half-a-crown of her; he sent it the next day, with a very gallant wish that he could give her a crown. She replied, that "though he could not give her a crown, he could give her a coronet, and she was very ready to accept it."

A person having the misfortune to admit as a lodger into his house an individual of very improper character, named Bell, turned him out the other day, with this remark, that "he would never keep a *bell* in his house that *wanted hanging*."

"I wonder this child don't go to sleep," said an anxious mother to a female friend. "Well, I don't," replied the lady; its face is so dirty it can't shut its eyes."

A Sea Chaplain's Religion.—When the Earl of Cloncartie was captain of a man-of-war, and was cruising on the coast of Guinea, he happened to lose his chaplain, who was carried off by a fever; on which the lieutenant, a Scotchman, gave him notice of it, saying, at the same time, "that he was sorry to inform him that he died a Roman Catholic." "Well, so much the better," said his lordship. "Oot awa, my lord, how can you say so of a British clergyman?" "Why," said his lordship, "because I believe I am the first captain of a man-of-war that could boast of having a chaplain who had any religion at all."

The late Mr. Justice P——, a well-meaning, but particularly prosing Judge, on one of his country circuits had to try a man for stealing a quantity of copper. In his charge he had frequent occasion to mention "the copper," which he uniformly called "lead," adding, "I beg your pardon," gentlemen, *copper*; but *I can't get the lead out of my head.*" At this candid confession the whole court shouted with laughter. Clare's Gazette of Variety.

Aristocratical Feelings.—There is a fretfulness about every man's position with us which is positively frightful. He is never easy; for there is always some little line of demarcation between him and his neighbor, which he toils to pass over. The Aristocracy descends through every link, from the golden to the copper, of the country. The Duke of Devon is not more exclusive than the Duke's poulterer. Society is a long series of uprising ridges, which from the first to the last offer no valley of repose. Wherever you take your stand, you are looked down upon by those above you, and reviled and pelted by those below you. Every creature you see is a farthing Sisyphus pushing his little stone up some Lilliputian mole-hill. This is our world. Weekly Dispatch.

ORIENTAL FIELD SPORTS.

BOAR HUNTING.

BY THE OLD FOREST RANGER.

"Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves."—RICHARD III.

"I declare it is nearly ten o'clock! The sun is already hot enough to broil one's brains into an omelet, and still no sign of our scouts returning," said Charles, pulling out his watch, and returning it to his pocket with an impatient gesture, as he sat, on the following morning, lounging indolently under the fly of the tent, the *kunnauts** of which were raised, and supported on bamboos, to act as a verandah, and to admit of a free circulation of air.

A substantial breakfast had already been disposed of. The horses had been visited, to ascertain that their feet were in good order after yesterday's march; that they had been well groomed, and that no water had been given them. Saddles, bridles, girths, and stirrup-leathers, had been carefully overhauled. Spear-heads had been sharpened to the last degree of keenness; and our three Nimrods having now nothing further to occupy their attention, were waiting, in a feverish state of impatience, for the return of the scouts, who had been despatched, on the previous evening, to gain intelligence of the famous Boar.

The dense shade of the overhanging trees, tempered the heat of the land-wind, which sighed through the grove, rendering it cool and refreshing. But the straggling sunbeams, which here and there darted through the dense foliage, dancing and sparkling on the glassy surface of the tank, with intense, almost painful, brilliancy; the glimpses of the open country, which were caught through the stems of the trees, showed the parched earth glowing like heated copper, and the tall palm-trees twisting and twining like gigantic snakes, in the fiery haze, bore ample testimony to the scorching heat of the tropical sun which blazed overhead.

A hundred *coolies*—almost as wild-looking as the animals for which they were to beat—all nearly naked, and many of them armed with rusty match-locks, hunting-spears, or wood-knives, were lounging about in picturesque groups under the shade of the trees. The old baggage-elephant, wearied with his long march, stood dozing listlessly under the shadow of a widely-spreading Banian, and fanning himself with the feathery branch of a palm-tree, to protect his skin from the stings of the buzzing insects which swarmed around him. And a group of smiling *Natch-girls*, encouraged to repeat their visit, by the handsome present of the previous day; and now, having their charms set off to the best advantage, by all the glittering finery of English Belles, with large gold rings depending from their noses, their necks loaded with jewels, massive silver bangles encircling their slender, well-turned ankles; their braided hair, decked with wreaths of the sweet-smelling *Maugree*,† and their silken robes filling the air with the perfume of sandal-wood, were twining their graceful figures in the dance, and darting the most bewitching glances from their large voluptuous dark eyes, in the vain hope of charming the impatient sportsmen, whose minds, however, were too fully occupied by floating visions of panting steeds, blood-stained spears, and foaming boars, to be captivated by the charms of the fascinating Syrens.

The Doctor was lounging indolently in an arm-chair, with a cheroot in his mouth, as usual, twirling his thumbs, nodding his head approvingly, with the air of a connoisseur in such matters, as any particularly graceful movement of the Natch-girls, happened to meet with his approbation; and occasionally turning round to give some directions to Heels, who was busied, outside of the tent, in skinning the dead panther, Mansfield was amusing himself with giving a finishing touch to the keen edge of the favorite hog-spear, on a fine hone; when Charles, who was by far the most impatient and watchful of the party, started from his seat with an exulting shout, which brought the performance of the Natch-girls to an abrupt conclusion.

"Hurra, lads, here come our Scouts, at last!"

The Natch-girls, startled by the sudden exclamation, shrunk aside, and made way for two panting *Shikaries*, covered with dust and perspiration, who, advancing at a long, easy, wolf-like trot, and, halting in front of the tent, announced with a profound salaam, that a large *sounder* of hog, headed by the far-famed Boar, had been marked down, amongst the hills, a few miles from camp.

"Boot and saddle! spurs and spears! and hurra for the man that first draws blood from the old Boar," shouted Mansfield, starting to his feet, and brandishing aloft his light elastic spear—a faultless male bamboo from the jungles of the Concan, about ten feet long, tough as whalebone, and tapering away beautifully to the smaller end, where it terminated in a keen glittering blade, about the size and shape of a laurel leaf—a blade which had reeked with the blood of many a grisly boar.

"*Gorah lau!*"‡ was now the cry; and, in less than five minutes, three snorting steeds, accoutred for the field, were pawing the ground impatiently, in front of the tent.

Mansfield's favorite hunter, Challenger, was the very model of a perfect Arab; a light iron-gray, with broad expanded forehead, deep jowl, fine tapering muzzle, wide nostrils, and beautifully-placed ears; his thin withers, well-placed shoulder, round carcass, compact joints, and long, sloping, muscular quarters, gave promise of uncommon strength and fleetness; whilst a full dark eye, mild as that of the Gazelle, but beaming with the latent fire and indomitable courage of a true son of the desert, belied him much, if his endurance were not equal to his speed In short, his figure was perfect symmetry, with the exception of his legs, which, although perfectly sound, were sorely disfigured by many a bruise and deep unsightly scar, which blemishes would have given great offence to an English eye; but, to one accustomed to the headlong pace at which the Indian Hog-hunter urges his horse over the rocky hills, and through the thorny jungles of the Deccan, those honorable wounds, the inevitable portion of every good horse, who has carried a good rider, excited no surprise, and but little regret.

Charles's horse, Light, a bright chesnut, had also sprung from Araby's best blood; but his clean, unblemished, wiry limbs, showed that he, like his master, had seen but little service in the field; whilst his fiery eye, restless ears, and fretful movements, together with the unusually long-checked bit, with which his bridle was furnished, led one to suspect, that his temper, like that of most horses of his color, was somewhat of the hottest.

The horse provided for the Doctor, was a strong, short-legged, serviceable-looking hack; exhibiting somewhat less breeding, and less appearance of speed than his companions, whilst the deep hollows over his eyes, together with his subdued manner, looked as if age, and hard service, had somewhat tempered the fire of his youth. But this was no disadvantage in the eyes of the Doctor, who, although a keen sportsman, had never been remarkable for desperate riding; and, provided he kept the chase in view, and came up in time to blood his spear before the Boar had actually drawn his last breath, it was a matter of very little importance to him, who took the first spear; the "*spear* of *honour*" he never would allow it to be, for, as he very justly remarked, the dangerous part of the sport often began after that had been taken.

The sportsmen now mounted, without loss of time, and rode out of the grove, followed by their respective Horsekeepers, and the whole party of Beaters. Not a cloud appeared in the whole wide expanse of deep blue sky to veil the splendour of the tropical sun, which shot down his almost vertical rays with an intensity of heat, that threatened to penetrate to the brain, even through the thick hunting-caps, and damp towels, which the sportsmen had provided, to protect their heads. A silence, deep as that of midnight, pervaded the land; for nature was faint with heat, and every living thing sought shelter from the merciless glare of an Indian noon; save the hardy hog-hunters, and the ever-ravening vulture, which, soaring at an immense height, almost beyond the reach of human vision, swept through the air in wide extended circles, seeking his obscene food in the very eye of the blazing sun.

An hour's easy riding brought them to the place where the hogs were said to be marked down; it was a rocky hill, thinly clothed with stunted brushwood, and rising abruptly from a bare stony plain intersected by numerous dry *nullahs* or water-courses, and dotted, in the extreme distance, with clumps of palm-trees and fields of sugar cane, to which the hogs were in the habit of resorting to feed during the night.

Having ascertained the nature of the position, by a rapid glance of his experienced eye, Mansfield issued the necessary orders to his Beaters, and then desired Charles and the Doctor to follow him to a small clump of date-trees, near the foot of the hill, where they, and their horses, might lie in ambush, till the hogs were roused.

Having carefully concealed themselves amongst the trees, and ascertained that neither they, nor their horses, were visible from the hill-side, the riders dismounted, and waited with breathless impatience for the first joyous shout of the beaters. Charles's heart beat almost audibly as he peeped through the leafy screen which concealed them, expecting every moment to hear the yell, which announced the finding of the mighty Boar, and to see the grisly monster dash headlong down the rocky steep. But half an hour had elapsed, during which the deep silence was unbroken, and the excited feelings of the young sportsman were beginning to subside into something very like disappointment, when a distant shout came faintly on his ear, from the opposite side of the hill. Mansfield, who had been smoking his cigar, and chatting carelessly with the Doctor, started at the well-known sound. A grim smile curled his lip, and fire flashed from his kindling eye, as he bounded to his feet, grasped his spear, and sprang into the saddle. "Now, lads, mount!" said he, settling himself firmly in his seat, and grasping the reins. "Mount, and be ready; we shall have him afoot directly."

The others mounted in haste, and fixed their longing eyes on the side of the opposite hill, whilst every nerve tingled, with an almost sickening sensation of wild excitement.

"I see him, I see him!" said Charles in an eager whisper; at the same time tightening his reins, and closing his heels, with an involuntary jerk, which made the impatient Lightning snort and rear.

"For Heaven's sake, Charles! keep that fidgetty brute of yours quiet," replied Mansfield, in a chiding tone, as the gigantic Boar was seen to rise slowly from his solitary lair on the hill-side, shaking his gray hide like a roused lion, and turning his head to listen to the approaching shouts of his pursuers. "Steady, steady—not a move till I give the word, 'ride,' and then you may knock the fire out of master Lightning as soon as you like. That Boar will try his mettle both in running and fighting, else I'm mistaken."

The Beaters were, by this time, coming over the crest of the hill; and the Boar, apparently satisfied that his enemies were advancing in too great force for him to attempt resistance, began to steal away through the brushwood, stopping occasionally to listen, as if debating with himself whether to make for the plain and trust to his speed for safety, or to turn, and charge gallantly amongst his pursuers.

Charles, in the excitement of the moment, was several times on the point of raising a shout to inform the beaters that the Boar was afoot, and to urge them forward; but a glance from Mansfield's frowning eye immediately checked him.

The ground now becoming more open, the Boar increased his pace to a shambling trot; and, the eager beaters having at the same moment caught sight of him, a wild unearthly yell arose, as if a whole legion of devils were at his heels. The chafed brute stood for one moment with upraised bristles, churning the white foam between his jaws; then, uttering a short angry grunt, that seemed to announce his desperate determination of trying his speed across the plain, he dashed down the hill, and disappeared in the brushwood.

"Now we have him! Now for a glorious burst!" exclaimed Mansfield, grasping his spear more firmly, and shortening his reins, in the hope of seeing the mighty Boar burst gallantly from the belt of low jungle which skirted the foot of the hill. But no Boar appeared, and Mansfield was about to give vent to his feelings in a very unseemly oath, when a thick patch of brushwood, immediately below the Beaters, appeared in violent motion, and, next moment, a whole *sounder* of hog, burst from the cover, and came scrambling down the hill; their round black backs rising and falling in quick succession, like a shoal of porpoises tumbling along the face of a giant wave. The excited Beaters redoubled their yells, and the terrified animals, dashing at once through the belt of jungle, took to the open ground without hesitation.

"Ride!" shouted Mansfield, in a voice clear as a trumpet-sound. And at that thrilling cry, the three horsemen, darting from their concealment, like lightning from a thunder-cloud, and urged their snorting hunters across the plain at the very top of their speed. Charles's hot-blooded chestnut, tearing along with his head and tail in the air, and the bit in his teeth, as if determined that nothing should stop him till he was brought up, by running his head against a stone wall, or till he succeeded in breaking his own neck, or that of his rider, in one of the numerous ravines which lay so opportunely in the way. But this was no time to argue the point with a runaway horse, and Charles let him go to his heart's content. The Doctor followed at a less headlong pace; but, to do him justice, he plied the spurs, and made the old horse do his best.

"Now Charles, my boy—now for the spear of honour!" cried Mansfield, as he and Charles rode neck and neck, at a racing pace, over the most terrific ground. "We are tolerably well matched as to speed, I see; and, if you can draw first blood, to dim the lustre of your maiden spear, you shall bear the palm, and welcome; but, by the Prophet! you must ride for it."

"Hurra! here goes for first blood then!" cried Charles in an exulting tone, at the same time shaking the reins, and driving the spurs into his fiery horse, already mad with excitement and lathered with foam, whilst the more temperate Challenger, although urged to his utmost speed, had hardly turned a hair.

Hurra! hurra! away they scour like falcons darting on their prey; the hard-baked earth ringing like metal beneath their horses' iron-shod hoofs, and a long train of dust rising like smoke behind them.

Although the two horses were, in fact, well matched as to speed, Charles's light weight soon began to tell, in favour of his horse Lightning, who gradually crept ahead of his antagonist, till, by the time they had got within a hundred yards of the hog, he was nearly half that distance in advance.

"Shall I try it!" exclaimed Charles, looking over his shoulder, and addressing Mansfield, as the leading Boar, much to his astonishment, bounded, with the agility of an antelope, over a yawning ravine, which happened to cross his path; a dry watercourse, with rocky, half-decayed, banks, which looked as if they would crumble into dust under the light foot of a fawn, and as breakneck-looking a place, as the most desperate horseman would care to ride at.

"Ay, Ay! go along!" replied Mansfield. "A good horse can always follow where a boar leaps, but keep his head straight, and rattle him at it, as if you were in earnest; for, by mine honour, it is not a place that will improve by looking at it."

Charles, who was just in the mood to ride at the Styx, if it had come in his way, drove in the spurs, and went at the leap with the heart of a lion; but, just as he reached the brink, his violent brute of a horse, who had hitherto gone with his head in the air, and his mouth wide open, as if he neither knew nor cared whether there was any impediment in his way or not, suddenly swerved, and wheeling round, with a loud snort, dashed off at right angles.

The well-trained Challenger, on the contrary, accustomed to Mansfield's resolute manner of riding, and knowing, from experience, that it was in vain for him to refuse anything at which he was put, cocked his ears, gathered his hind-legs well under him, and quickening his stroke, as he approached the ravine, cleared it in beautiful style, although the decayed rock, from which he sprung, gave way, just as his hind-feet quitted it, and rolled thundering to the bottom of the *nullah*.

Charles had, by this time, succeeded in turning his horse, and putting him once more at the leap, with head held straight, and the spurs goring his sides, the snorting brute went at it like a charging tiger, bounding high into the air, and clearing the ravine by several feet.

The race for the first spear was now resumed in earnest, Charles straining every nerve to recover lost ground, and come up with Mansfield, who, having singled out the leading Boar, was now pressing hard upon his haunches; the angry brute with foaming jaws and flaming eyes, uttering, from time to time, a short savage grunt, and swerving from side to side, as if to avoid the expected thrust of the deadly spear, which quivered, like a sunbeam, within a few inches of his heaving flanks.

Charles was now nearly alongside of Mansfield, and gaining upon him at every stride. Both horses were beginning to show symptoms of distress; but the gallant little Challenger still answered to the spur, and by one desperate bound, brought Mansfield almost within spear's length of the Boar. A long reach will do it now—and a grim smile of triumph passed over Mansfield's swarthy cheek, as he leaned over his horse's neck, and made a desperate lunge at the flying Boar. He has it! No! it was an inch too short—another stride will do it. Again the trusty Challenger bounded to the spur—again the spear was poised for the fatal thrust—another second, and the glittering blade would have been quenched in blood; when the Boar made a short turn to the right, and dashed across Charles's horse. The terrified animal made a bound to clear the hog, and as he did so, Charles thrust his spear awkwardly forward, without aim or direction; the point, however, went true to its destination, and passing through the Boar's brawny shoulder, buried itself in the earth. The horse, at the same instant, stumbled over the wounded Boar, and came to the ground with a tremendous crash, depositing his rider in the position of a spread eagle, some ten yards beyond him, and shivering the tough bamboo shaft of the spear in a thousand pieces. But the spear of honour has been fairly won, and who cares for broken bones! Hurra!

The wounded Boar scrambled to his feet, with the splintered lance still sticking in his flesh, and uttering a savage grunt, was about to rush upon the prostrate Hunter, when Mansfield, coming up at speed, speared him through the heart, and rolled him over in the bloody sand as if struck by a flash of lightning.

Whilst Mansfield and Charles were thus engaged, the Doctor was not idle; following in the wake of his companions, he had fallen in with a little half grown hog, technically termed a *squeaker*, which, having been unable to keep up with the rest of the *sounder*, now appeared in a fair way of falling a victim to the Doctor's prowess, although he still made a good race with the old horse across the plain.

Charles, having gathered himself up, and ascertained that neither he nor his horse were materially injured by their fall, was heartily congratulated by Mansfield, on his good fortune in taking the spear of honour; and the two young men, having loosened the girths of their smoking hunters, now awaited, with much interest, the issue of the struggle between the Doctor and the unfortunate *squeaker*.

"Ha! ha! ha! a goodly sight. By mine honour, a goodly sight!" exclaimed Mansfield, doffing his heavy hunting-cap, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead, whilst his sides shook with laughter, at the strange grotesque figure which the Doctor exhibited. "Behold a second Don Quixote! The Knight of La Mancha himself turned Hog-hunter. Heavens and earth how he rides! some evil spirit hath surely possessed him. Ha! ha! ha! Rare—oh, rare!

Leaning well forward, with his lance couched, like a Knight of old riding a tilt, and rattling his old horse over the stones, at a terrific pace, on came the Doctor in a cloud of dust: his elbows projecting at right angles from his body; his trousers, which were guiltless of straps, rolled up, by the friction of the saddle, nearly to the knees; nd his long, loose-jointed legs, bloody with spurring, dangling against his horse's sides, at every bound, as if, from the knee downwards, they were perfectly unconnected with the rest of his body, and were merely ingenious machines, suspended from the saddle, to act as stimulants to the animal's speed. His broad brimmed straw-hat had, long ago, parted company with his head, but being attached to his buttonhole by a piece of ribbon, now flapped and fluttered in the wind behind him. His gaunt features, which, during the last few days, had been scorched to a fiery red, by the action of the sun, now glowed like a mask of heated copper, the big drops of perspiration, which fell in a copious shower upon his horse's mane, appearing actually to hiss and boil as they rolled over it. In short, his figure was, altogether, as perfectly grotesque, as anything can well be imagined; and the effect of the scene was not a little heightened when, on a nearer approach, the traces of intense excitement became visible on his countenance; his eyes rolling wildly, his teeth firmly clenched, like the jaws of a rat-trap, and his parched lips trembling with eagerness, as he wheeled his snorting horse from side to side, making desperate but vain attempts to strike the active animal, which now, nearly exhausted, had begun to double amongst the bushes, like a hunted hare.

"Well done, Doctor! Well done, piggy! Gallantly thrust. Beautifully doubled!" cried the two young men, clapping their hands, and shouting with all the eagerness of spectators at a well-contested race. But the Doctor was much too intent upon securing his prey, to pay any attention to their exclamations, and went on spurring, and poking, and panting, and grinning, with desperate energy. At length, after many fruitless attempts, and being more than once nearly unhorsed, by digging the point of his spear into the ground, his efforts were crowned with success. A lucky thrust transfixed the panting *squeaker*, and the worthy Doctor, brandishing his spear, gave vent to as hearty a shout of triumph, as if it had been dyed in the blood of a second Cretan boar.

"Now, gentlemen," said Mansfield, as the Doctor dismounted, lighted his ever ready cigar, and seated himself on a stone, "I shall give you five minutes to let your nags recover their wind after this little brush, and then we must have another beat for the Great Boar. This is mere child's play to the work we shall have, if we can only get him to break cover."

"Child's play ca' ye it!" exclaimed the Doctor, rubbing his aching limbs, and shifting his seat uneasily. "My certie, it may be sae; but I'll tell ye this, Captain, they maun be gae strong tykes o' bairns that play at it. Just look at that poor beast," pointing to the old horse; "see to him, the way his tail is shaking, and his knees trembling, and his flanks heaving, like a pair o' smithy bellows. Troth, sir, I'm thinking it was nae bairns play for him, nor for me neither, and far less for that poor wee forajaskit looking deevle," pointing to the bleeding carcass of the little pig which lay at his feet. "Hech, sirs!" continued he, in a moralizing tone; for the excitement of the chase having subsided, he began to view his victory in a less pleasing light, and his tender heart smote him, for having hunted the unfortunate *squeaker* to death, with such ruthless perseverance. "Hech, sirs! to think o' me, at my respectable time of life, rampaging across the country, after thae twa daft Laddies, riding fit to brain mysel', and amaist foundering a good naig; and a' for what! To hae the honour o' sticking a soo! and no a respectable sized soo even, far less a boar; but just a poor meeserable bit grise, that it's a perfect sin and disgrace for ony respectable man to take the life o'. Weel, weel, they say there are nae fules like auld fules, and I believe it's o'er true." And having arrived at this comfortable conclusion, the worthy Doctor went on mopping his face, and puffing his cigar, with the air of a philosopher.

As soon as the horses had pretty well recovered their wind, the sportsmen remounted, and rode slowly back towards the hill, from whence the sounder of hog had been driven. The Beaters had already assembled on the plain, leaving a few experienced *shikaries*, perched upon commanding eminences, to prevent the possibility of the old Boar, which had not yet broken cover, from stealing away unobserved. Mansfield had just selected a tough and well-poised spear, from amongst the spare weapons carried by his Horsekeeper, and was explaining to Charles the proper manner of holding it, showing him how the other had been broken in consequence of his stiff manner of carrying the weapon, tucked under his arm, like the lance of a dragoon, instead of being lightly poised in the right-hand; and consoling him with the assurance, that even supposing his horse had not fallen, the spring of the bamboo, from being so confined, would in all probability have lifted him out of the saddle; when a shout from one of the look-out men attracted his attention, and, on looking up, he beheld a native perched upon a pinnacle of rock, waving his *puggarie*,* and pointing with eager gestures, down the side of the hill, opposite to where they stood.

"By heavens he's off!" exclaimed Mansfield, putting spurs to his horse, and starting at a hand gallop. "Follow me, gentlemen; but do not press your horses too hard at first, we shall want all the wind they can spare, when we get to the other side of the hill."

The belt of jungle, which skirted the base of the hill, obliged the horsemen to make a considerable detour, and, by the time they reached the opposite side, the crafty old Boar, who had availed himself of a quiet moment to steal away, as he fancied, unobserved, now appeared like a mere speck on the surface of the plain, making direct for another rocky hill, about two miles distant.

"Now, my lads, go along," cried Mansfield, giving Challenger his head, and urging him at once to the top of his speed. "He has got a tremendous start, and nothing but hard riding will avail us now; for, if once he gains yonder hill, our horses, blown as they must be, will stand but little chance of bringing him into action."

The Boar, finding himself hitherto unpursued, had been cantering along at an easy pace, so that his pursuers gained upon him rapidly at first; but no sooner did he hear the clatter of hoofs behind him, than he turned half round, as if some faint idea of doing battle had crossed his mind, and then, uttering a gruff grunt, bounded off at a pace, which, had he been able to maintain it for any length of time, would have rendered pursuit hopeless.

"Now is the time to press him," cried Mansfield, urging his willing horse to still greater exertions, although the poor brute was already straining every nerve to the uttermost. "If we can only keep him at this pace for another half-mile, we shall force the sulky brute to show fight, whether he will or no; and then, Charles, my boy, we shall have a first spear worth contending for."

They were now nearing the hill fast, and, as they approached it, the ground over which they rode, neck and girth, at such headlong speed, assumed every moment a more terrific appearance. In fact, it appeared almost miraculous that horses should be able to cross it at all; for, independently of the yawning ravines, and rocks, and thorny bushes which impeded their progress, the ground was so completely broken up by holes and fissures, just sufficiently concealed, by stunted grass, to prevent the rider seeing them, till his horse was in the act of flying over them, that, even at a foot's pace, a horseman would have found some difficulty in picking his steps over it. Still they pressed forward with undiminished ardor, and save a few desperate stumbles, no accident had yet occurred.

The Boar was evidently sinking fast, and the horsemen gaining upon him. Mansfield was already sufficiently near to mark the malignant twinkle of his little grey eye, as he glanced suspiciously over his shoulder, measuring the distance, and calculating whether he had better turn upon his pursuers, or make one more desperate effort to gain the shelter of the hill. But still the foaming brute kept beyond the reach of his spear.

"The devil take him, he'll beat us after all," exclaimed Mansfield, driving the spurs madly into the flanks of his gasping horse, lifting him with both hands, and throwing him bodily forward—his heart smote him as he did so, for, even in the wild excitement of that moment he could feel the gallant brute reeling under him with fatigue."

"Bravely done, my trusty Challenger," cried Mansfield, in an exulting tone. "One more such stride, and the spear is mine."

True to the last, the high-spirited creature once more answered to the spur: but it was like the last bound of a wounded deer. His trembling limbs gave way under him, and horse and rider rolled upon the ground. Next moment the Boar had reached the goal; and now, considering himself safe from further pursuit, began slowly to scramble up the rugged ascent, his lolling tongue, foaming jaws, and staggering gait, bearing ample testimony to the severity of the chase. Charles, whose once fiery horse was now so effectually blown, that he no longer answered to the spur, except by a faint groan, seeing that the case was desperate, raised himself in the stirrups, and hurled his spear after the Boar; but the weapon fell harmless among the rocks, and the excited boy, throwing himself from his reeling horse, stamped upon the ground with rage and vexation.

Reader, hast thou ever chased a goodly Boar over the scorching plains and rocky hills of the Deccan, till thy blood boiled, and thy brain reeled, and thy best horse sunk under thy weight? Hast thou ever, at the very moment when thy thirsty spear quivered over his brawny back—yea, even as the death halloo was rising to thy lips, seen the foaming brute dash into the thorny jungle, or gain the sanctuary of inaccessible rocks? Hast thou ever seen him thus laugh at thy beard, whilst thou stoodest gnawing thy finger-ends in impotent wrath? If thou hast, but not unless, thou mayest be able to form some faint idea of our young Hog-hunter's feelings, as he watched the slow progress of the panting Boar; fancying that he could almost have overtaken him on foot, and yet knowing full well that he was effectually beyond his reach. It was the very torment of Tantalus:—losing a fox is bad—missing a stag of ten with both barrels of thine own favorite rifle—particularly if thou hast stalked him for the best part of a hot August day before getting the shot—is worse. But to be baffled by an old gray Boar, with tusks nine inches long, after having foundered thy best hunter, and imbibed a sufficient quantity of caloric to keep all the juices in thy body up to the boiling point for the next twenty-four hours, is—is——. Dis-

* Kunnauts—curtains, or canvass walls of a tent.
† Maugree—a large species of jasmine.
‡ *Gorah lau*—"Bring forth the horse."

* Puggarie—a cloth worn on the head as a turban.

[*Concluded on 10th page.*]

SCAN. MAG.

Diary Illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth. Vols. 3 and 4. London: Colburn.

These volumes—the last—are in every way worthy of their predecessors. They have the same ugliness of feature—the same moral obliquity—the same disgusting affectation of reverence for all the charities and proprieties of life (when outraging them most), that distinguished the first two volumes, and if we may imitate the phraseology of publishers, pre-eminently rendered them "the most unprincipled and certainly the most loathsome work of the season."

We regret that we cannot compliment her ladyship on this, her second attempt, to refine an erring world, by the examples of sin and wickedness, with tears in her eyes, she has thought it her hard mission to make known throughout the land. Her scandal—we beg her ladyship's pardon, but we must use the word in vogue with homespun people—wants flavor, lacks relish. A lie ceases to interest if it has not some appearance of probability. Besides, her calumnies—we mean, of course, those she has penned and sold to the publisher—want identity: her libellous gossip does not sufficiently mark its object. The world will be at a loss to know what lord to look upon as a scoundrel—what lady as a demirep; the Diarist has so neutralized her venom by the immoderate use of "——" "——" "——." Now this is especially annoying to the gourmand of works of this description. Having hastily swallowed a most pungent paragraph in which we have flirtation, at the least, suspected adultery, together with half a dozen children on either side deserted,—it must be particularly vexatious to the devourer of the savory morsel, to reflect that he has probably gulped a lie; and this melancholy disappointment her ladyship's admiring readers may, despite their warmest wishes towards the Diarist, be too prone to feel, when they shall in cooler temper count up the "——" "——" "——" which, in their unthinking fervor, they have taken for proper names.

Let us put a case. How, for instance, would her ladyship like to be tantalized with a paragraph constructed after the manner of the following?—

"This morning met , who informed me that had positively eloped with : leaving ! to console himself as best he may with ? This is shocking: when, however, I reflect upon the *innate wickedness of the human heart*, it is some consolation to me to believe that possibly has fabricated the whole story against ; though, to be sure, her frequent visits to would have opened any other eyes, save eyes so horny and so stupid as the eyes of ! *It is dreadful to ponder on the malice of this gossiping world.* Still, if the story be true, can ! ever take up with such a person as ?"

Now, here, it will be seen, is the outline of a very pretty story: still, it is to ask too much of the imagination of the reader, who pays his honest money for, as he believes, a book of elaborately-written scandal, to piece together hints, and to join shreds and patches, when he thought he had purchased a complete iniquity.

Justice to our readers compels us to dwell upon this, perhaps the only fault of the lady Diarist—her first error of publishing, being, indeed, no more than a peccadillo—and we shall now proceed to show the contents of the book in all their native, unsophisticated beauty. The following gives us a good portrait of the regal and benevolent Queen Charlotte:—

Princess Charlotte told me the Queen, her grandmother, is much mortified by the marriage of the Duke of Cumberland to the Princess of Salms, and threatens not to receive her at court, &c. There is a good deal of scandal promulgated about this Princess; but I do not like the old Queen's harshness on this occasion. It puts me in mind of an anecdote I have heard told of her Majesty, which is characteristic of the same stern spirit of *virtuous propriety* which has actuated her conduct ever since she came into this country.

The Duchess of ——, a great favorite at court, besought Queen Charlotte to receive her niece, Mrs. ——, at the drawing-room, there having been reports bruited about which were injurious to that lady's reputation. The Duchess implored the Queen's clemency and indulgence on a point so wholly without any just foundation; and finally, when about to retire from the royal presence, she asked, beseechingly, "Oh! Madam, what shall I say to my poor niece!" to which Queen Charlotte replied, "Say you did not dare make such a request to the Queen." The Duchess of —— was so hurt by this unfeeling denial to her entreaties, that she resigned her situation in the royal household.

There are many other stories likewise told of Queen Charlotte, which do not bespeak much tenderness of heart. When Princess Charlotte was christened, Lady Townsend, who held the royal babe during the ceremony (being herself with child at the time,) appeared much fatigued; and the Princess of Wales whispered to the Queen, "Will your Majesty command Lady Townsend to sit down!"—to which the Queen replied, *blowing her snuff from her fingers*, "She may stand—she may stand."

A piece of chit-chat, illustrative of the staple of the book.—

I heard that Lord J—— has got all Mr. M——'s fortune, and that he has left his mother 3,000*l.* a year, and Lady —— 1,000*l.* The story of Lady Frances Wilson's piece of good luck is a most extraordinary one. I heard also from Lady W. ——, that Lady Charlotte Rawdon has made a strange marriage, with a man without any fortune, under thirty, and so much younger than herself."

We now give Lady Wilson's "good luck."

Lady Frances Wilson was a lady of very plain personal appearance; yet one gentleman, for several seasons, perseveringly gazed at her from the pit of the Opera house, so as to cause her considerable annoyance; until at length one day she was informed that Mr. —— had left her all his fortune; and prompted by curiosity to ascertain if it was the same person who had admired her at the theatre, she requested to see the deceased, and identified the corpse as being that of Mr. —— It was said Lady Frances owed this piece of good fortune to a mistake, as it was *a very beautiful woman*, who occupied the next box to her's, to whom the gentleman had intended to leave his property, and that he was misinformed as to the object of his *belle passion*.

"Who," asks the plain reader, "is the Duke of ——? Who Lady ——?"

"The present Duke of —— was commissioned by his deceased mother to carry a parcel to Lady ——, who received the noble messenger in widow's weeds, and so captivated, or deceived the new heir, by her grief for the loss of her affianced husband, that he offered her his hand, which the lady, nothing loth, accepted, and so became Duchess of ——."

And here is a piece of delicate sentiment, only inferior in moral beauty to the sweet touch of charity which closes it. Shade of *Mrs. Candour!* look down, and smile benignantly upon her ladyship! The speakers are affectionate friends of that most unfortunate Princess, Caroline of Wales.

"Ah!" exclaimed her Grace, "she *had better have been on the paré* than connected with the O——s, and Sir P——, and the other persons they brought her in contact with."—"Pardon me," observed another cross voice, Lady ——, "they *were respectable compared with others* who were *named*, as being permitted to live *on terms of intimacy* with her Royal Highness. What do you think of Lawrence, the painter, for a Princess of Wale's admirer, and a *Prince of Wales's rival?*" There was a dead silence, after this *cruel and false remark*, and I *do not believe* any one present liked Lady —— *the better* for having given vent to her spiteful feelings."

Extraordinary, *if true*:—

"We met Torlonia, the banker, which brought to Sir ——'s recollection an anecdote, highly characteristic of the nature of that worthy citizen. At the time of the first French revolution, *it is said* he discovered an old guillotine, which he sold for a good price, and which was the commencement of his wealth. It was a ludicrous, and at the same time a horrible basis to build up a fortune by."

For our part, we perceive nothing very "ludicrous" in the guillotine; but perceptions differ.

Important slip-slop—

"I saw Lady W—— in her chair, making a great moaning about the drawing-rooms and balls; for *her vanity keeps pace with her indolence*, and she gives herself much trouble about her dress.

"Lady S—— S—— is going to be married to Mr. L——n. I cannot imagine how he thinks of her, or she of him, *for he is very ugly*. Miss B——e is also to be married to Mr. P—— M——y."

High rank is philosophically analyzed by the Diarist—

"—— was charmed with her visit to Lord and Lady D——. Their home is such a beautiful picture of domestic felicity. I wish —— could realize such another. Oh! that she was married to Lord W. S——r. *She is fond of lords.* She has often told me she would not marry any man who was not of a higher rank than herself. *Now for a woman who analyzes the real worth of things, that is such a strange sentiment;* since what more is there in the enjoyment of high rank than the gratification of vanity?"

The Diarist judges human naturo, and philosophically proves the worth and use of human wickednees—

"Sir Sidney and Lady S—— and the R—— were there. They are going to ——, and Lady S—— intends Lord —— to marry E——y R——d. But I will not let him marry *the grand-daughter of a footman;* for Sir P. R —— was a foot-boy, *it is said; if so, it is ignoble blood;* and do you not suppose that would stagger Lord ——, *although* the lady is very beautiful."

Of a lady who "lost herself in a wood:"—

"In the evening I walked on the Pincian Hill with Lady ——. She was in low spirits, and therefore *less excited and more agreeable* than is usual. She told me the manner in which Lady R—— went off with her brother-in-law, Sir H. M——, or rather was turned off, for it was no part of her plan to elope; but she was detected, shut up with him one evening, that of her birth-day, when the servants were dancing at a ball. Sir H—— had been concealed, in the disguise of a sailor, in her neighborhood, for two months. Lord R— had had reason for suspicion before; so Mr. P. ordered the carriage and put her in it. She joined her lover, and they went to London, and they are now living together in his house in B—— h-street, I believe it is. . . . Lady —— added that she dined at Lord R——s a few days before Lady R——'s elopement. She did not appear till dinner was on the table, and apologised, saying that she had lost herself in the woods. *She had, indeed, lost herself in the woods.* Lady —— said *it annoyed her*, that a woman living in such guilt, should have appeared happy, and without a cloud on her mind."

A palpable fib:—

"A friend who was present at Princess C——'s marriage said, that when Prince L—— repeated the words 'with all my worldly goods I thee endow,' the Royal bride was observed to laugh."

A charitable wish for Byron, with a pleasant supplementary bit of spite towards the living:—

"I wish he had lived *to grow better;* which I think he would have done when he was old. Captain Medwin, I dare say, is *bad enough himself.* He praises Mrs. ——, who I have always heard *was anything but amiable.* Her own father, G——, said so, and reproached himself with her errors, as having originated in the education he gave her."

Important scandal:——

"Sir —— has been pursuing Mrs. ——, Lady ——'s mother, for five thousand pounds, *paid for the maintenance of a child*, and which he now repents of having given, and denies it was for that purpose. One would suppose a public man's character was of more value to him than five thousand pounds. Will Lord and Lady go on as usual, and take no notice?"

King William the Fourth as a wife-hunter:—

"The Duke of C——e is running about asking all the girls possessed of money to marry him! I wonder Miss M——r was not *deluded by the prospect* of perhaps becoming the mother of kings."

A divorce:—

"I hear Lady —— is going to be divorced for ——; but the infamy of —— House and her husband will save him from having to pay damages; and they say that there will be most disgraceful disclosures proved."

Here is a good word for a Lord Advocate, coupled with a trait which even the Diarist allows to be worth something:—

"The Lord Advocate left off supporting the falling ministry, I have heard the other day (with whose fall he will lose his Lord Advocateship, three thousand a year), to attend his wife's confinement. *She would not lie in of her ninth child without him!* She is pretty, and clever, and agreeable. He is *ugly*, and *reckoned a screw*; but *I think him agreeable;* and he has proved he liked her better than money."

Mrs. Candour again appears, and holds forth against immorality of sentiment:—

"In a letter from England, a person says, 'The only person of note I have seen lately is Mr. ——' Lady M——'s husband. I was prejudiced against him, as *I hate men who marry ladies of disreputable character*, especially other men's partners. Besides, he told her daughter, Lady M——, that *she did nothing more than other people, only she was found out.* Now I dislike *the immorality of the sentiment*, and nearly as much the *bad taste* in declaring it; therefore I could not bear Mr. ——. But when he came here, I wondered no longer at any one being charmed with him; his appearance is so agreeable, his manners so insinuating; he is quite a second Belial."

"A Mrs. D——l went to Bath lately for her health, and ran away with her physician, a Dr. D——; but she protests it was *en tout bien et tout honneur*, and that he had only accompanied her on a jaunt for her health."

The following story has a most affecting conclusion, for which, however, we have not space:—

"In talking of Lord ——, Lady —— told me some curious circumstances about his wife, Lady A. C——. In the first instance, Lord —— would not even marry her until she was ennobled; and he went to the king, and obtained for her a title, after which he made her his wife. For a time they lived well together; but she soon fell in love with Sir J. C——y, and made known her resolution to Lord ——, her husband, to run off with her lover. The former behaved most nobly to her, and said if she would promise never to see Sir J. C—— again, he would forgive her what she had done, and save her from public disgrace. But this offer she refused. She told Lord —— that she had wronged him to the utmost—that she loved Sir —— passionately, and that she *would* elope with him. Lord —— then replied, 'So be it,' and he promised to arrange matters for her departure. But this also she rejected, and sent to the neighboring village to order post-horses; and so, in a common hack chaise, she left her great and splendid home, for the love of a man who did not repay her sufficiently for the sacrifice."

An extract from a supposed letter from the Princess of Wales!—

"'Why do you not come to Como? I voud make you welcome at my anchorite's dinner every day, if you voud eat my humble fare. Neither de Contesse Oldi nor myself are epicures; *and very often we cook our own dinner!* What vould de English people say if dey heard dat! *Oh fie! Princess of Wales. The old begune Queen Charlotte is on her last legs, I hear. Mais ca ne me fait ni froid ni chaud* now; there was a time when such intelligence might have gladdened me; but now noting in de world do I care for, save to pass de time as quickly as I can; and death may hurry on as fast as he pleases—I am ready to die. But I weary you, my dear ——; *ayez de l'indulgence pour moi* and my grumbling, and believe dat I am ever yours, C. P.'"

The Diarist resolves upon following the example of certain dear friends whom she charitably stigmatizes—and then she resolves not to follow it after all!—

"There is Lady St. Leger, and Mrs. Hillsborough, and a hundred other ladies past forty, by I will not say how many years, who look as if they might be my daughters; *their well-rouged cheeks are so smooth—their curls so raven—and their teeth so white.* I will not look worse than they. I have a great mind to *begin again wearing rouge, and get a new 'front,' and grow young.* Yet I shrink from assuming youth now it is gone. I cannot buy a young heart, and fling away the old worn-out wearied one that beats feebly within my aged breast, and is such a faithful warder over the memory of the bright days of my real youth. Ah, no! fictitious youth is a clumsy piece of acting. I will not play the part. My pretty Sophy's partners will not admire her the less because her chaperon looks old;—so be it, then."

Sir Francis Burdett has "played many parts," but it was reserved for the Diarist to show us Westminster's Glory as the gay Lothario, and a man of Shakspearian genius—

"In speaking of Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. M—— observed, that although he differed with him entirely in his political views, his speeches were noble in sentiment, and powerful in expression. 'I never have,' said he, 'met with any one *whose genius was more Shakspearian, and which occasionally delighted me more by the resemblance it bore to that master spirit.* In private life he is not always agreeable, that is to say, he frequently appeared to me to be in a dream; but nevertheless, he was *très recherché* amongst the ladies, and at the period when I saw most of him at Kensington Palace, *his name was constantly associated with that of some fair lady.*"

Mrs. Candour appears again:—

"Mr. M—— laughed at Lord Y——'s marriage with Miss F——i, and said, '*To be sure never has there been anybody who had so many fathers*—Mr. Selwyn, and Lord Queensberry, and the Prince, all anxious to have the honor of being related to her.'"

A *bon mot* of Queen Caroline; the Diarist assures us it was her last:—

On the last day of her trial, when requested to retire and take some refreshment, she peremptorily refused to do so, and on some person's offering the Queen refreshments which they had brought for their own use, she declined accepting them, saying, "I can take a chop at the King's Head if I am hungry;"—alluding to the tavern bearing that sign near the House of Lords.

The Queen on her death-bed:—

When she became aware of her awful situation, she called to some of the attendants, and said, "I forgive all my enemies, I owe no one any ill-will, although they have killed me at last;" or words to that effect. A curious circumstance occurred whilst she was on her death-bed, the night or rather the morning on which she expired. A boat passed down the river, filled with some of those religious sectarians who had taken peculiar interest in her fate; they were praying for her, and singing hymns as they rowed by Brandenburgh House; and at the same moment a mighty rush of wind blew open all the doors and windows of the Queen's apartment, just as the breath was going out of her body. It impressed those who were present with a sense of awe, and added to the solemnity of the scene. London Examiner.

The sudden departure of the eldest scion of a noble house, and brother of two fair *debutantes* of last season, is, we believe, intimately connected with an "*affaire de cœur.*" We prophecy his lordship will soon recover, being full young to know his own mind.

MR. COOPER'S NAVAL HISTORY.

From the London Weekly Dispatch.

The Naval History of the United States of America. By J. F. Cooper, Esq. Bentley, New Burlington-street.

It has almost passed into a proverb that "a great book is a great evil," and yet it is obvious that the observation is not to be received but with limitations, and only when properly explained. It is equally true that "a little book is a great evil," for the truth is simply that the evil consists neither in the greatnes or in the littleness of the b ok, but in its size being disproportionate to the nature and importance of its subject. We are very far from depreciating the value or interest of the subject of the present volumes—it would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to select one of greater importance, and yet we are bound to say that the work would have been much more acceptable had it been of less bulk. Whatever proceeds from the pen of Mr. Cooper must bear the stamp of very considerable ability, but here he has been led into dilitation and expansion by a natural love of his country, and a feeling for the extraord nary achievements of her navy, of which he is himself an officer of merit. The rise of the American navy, and its great and successful exertions during the last war, are themes to excite the patriot, the philosopher, and the politician. Here we have an instance of the extraordinary vigour, energy, and unity of purpose which can be displayed by a Republic, a form of government which has been considered incapable of concentration, and celerity of action in war. We have, moreover, an instance of a great nation without those intrigues and complexities of selfish interests which compel monarchies in warfare to resort to arms and systems of defence not the most advantageous to them, and above all we have to contemplate the moral courage of the Republic, which, with apparently the most insignificant means, dared to oppose the most powerful nation in the world, and on an element on which she had conquered the world, and was considered to be invincible, and even irresistible. In addition to this, in the History of the American Navy, we have the great, good, and, we are sorry to say, the solitary instance of a mighty force, which has never been employed but in a just cause and in self-defence against the most culpable aggression. The prowess of the American navy, and its prodigious success against England in the last war, astonished Europe, and are a theme for reflections highly useful to mankind in general. With these means of composing a valuable work, Mr. Cooper could not fail of success, and we have gone through his history with satisfaction, and we trust with the advantage of reaping valuable information and improvement. We cannot give the author the praise of strict impartiality, but he has much less of the opposite failing than we anticipated, and that which he exhibits is too palpable to be dangerous, and too excusable in its source to be offensive. In reading his accounts of the naval battles between England and America, we are struck with the utility of always "hearing both sides," for each combatant takes a distorted view of the case, and it is only by reflecting on their varying and contradictory statements that we can arrive at the truth. We strongly recommend this part of Mr. Cooper's work to the British public in general, and we have no doubt that it will be read with interest by foreign nations. It is to be observed that in all the naval battles of America the loss on both sides has been far beyond any parallel in the naval history of other nations, which may be traced to the great superiority of gunnery, to fighting at extremely close quarters, and to the desperate character of the combats in all other respects. We will give our readers two sketches of personal battles, "hand to-hand" affairs, the first relating to an officer that subsequently distinguished himself against the English. It relates to the war between America and Tripoli:—

DESPERATE FIGHT BETWEEN AN AMERICAN AND A TURK.

No sooner had Mr. Decatur got possession of the boat first assailed, than he took her in tow, and bore down on the one next to leeward. Running the enemy aboard, as before, he went into him, with most of his officers and men. The captain of the Tripolitan vessel was a large, powerful man, and Mr. Decatur personally charged him with a pike. The weapon, however, was seized by the Turk, wrested from the hands of the assailant, and turned against its owner. The latter parried a thrust, and made a blow with his sword at the pike, with a view to cut off its head. The sword hit the iron, and broke at the hilt, and at the next instant the Turk made another thrust. Nothing was left to the gallant Decatur, but his arm, with which he so far averted the blow, as to receive the pike only through the flesh of his breast. Pushing the iron from the wound, flesh and all, he sprang within the weapon, and grappled his antagonist. The pike fell between the two, and a short trial of strength succeeded, in which the Turk prevailed. As the combatants fell, however, Mr. Decatur so far released himself as to lie side by side with his foe on the deck. The Tripolitan now endeavoured to reach his poniard, while his hand was firmly held by that of his enemy. At this critical instant, when life or death depended on a moment well employed, or a moment lost, Mr. Decatur drew a small pistol from the pocket of his vest, passed the arm that was free round the body of the Turk, pointed the muzzle in, and then fired. The ball passed entirely through the body of the Mussulman, and lodged in the clothes of his foe. At the same instant, Mr Decatur felt the grasp that had almost smothered him relax, and he was liberated. He sprang up, and the Tripolitan lay dead at his feet. In such a mêlée, it cannot be supposed that the struggle of the two leaders would go unnoticed. An enemy raised his sabre to cleave the skull of Mr. Decatur, while he was occupied by his enemy, and a young man of the Enterprise's crew interposed an arm to save him. The blow was intercepted, but the limb was severed to a bit of skin. A fresh rush was now made upon the enemy, who was overcome without much further resistance.

* * * * *

In the mean time, Mr. Trippe, in No. 6, the last of the three boats that was able to reach the weather division, was not idle. Reserving his fire, like the others, he delivered it with deadly effect, when closing, and went aboard of his enemy in the smoke. In this instance, the boats also separated by the shock of the collision, leaving Mr. Trippe, with Mr. J. D. Henlay, and nine men only, on board the Tripolitan. Here, too, the Commanders singled each other out, and a severe personal combat occurred, while the work of death was going on around them. The Turk was young, and of a large athelic form, and he soon compelled his slighter but more active foe to fight with caution. Advancing on Mr. Trippe, he would strike a blow, and receive a thrust in return. In this manner he gave the American commander no less than eight sabre wounds in the head and two in the breast; when making a sudden rush, he struck a ninth blow on the head, which brought Mr. Trippe upon a knee. Rallying all his forces in a desperate effort, the latter, who still retained the short pike with which he fought, made a thrust that passed the weapon through his gigantic adversary, and tumbled him on his back. As soon as the Tripolitan officer fell, the remainder of his people submitted. The boat taken by Mr. Trippe, was one of the largest belonging to the Bashaw. The number of her men is not positively known, but living and dead, thirty six were found in her, of whom twenty-one were either killed or wounded. When it is remembered that but eleven Americans boarded her, the achievement must pass for one of the most gallant on record.

CAPT. WILBRAHAM'S NEW WORK.

Travels in the Trans-Caucasian Provinces of Russia, &c., in 1837. By Capt. R. Wilbraham.—Murray, London.

Captain Wilbraham is an officer of the 7th Royal Fusiliers, and his work professes to be merely the result of what he witnessed and experienced during a most fatiguing and harassing journey, attended by great difficulties and not a little anxiety. Under these circumstances he is entitled to deprecate severity of criticism, and we therefore, in propriety and justice, present his work to our readers merely for its variety of information and interesting descriptions, without finding any fault with the author for his want of more regularity in his outline and plan, and for his want of method and arrangement in the execution of it. We will at once introduce our author to the reader, merely observing that he had been allowed to enter the Persian army just before the late Affghan war. This privilege he enjoyed with many of the East India Company's officers, and it gave him the *entrée* into the higher circles of society in Persia:—

THE ELEPHANT AND A POET-LAUREAT.

Soon after my arrival in Persia, I was present at the festival of No-Roz, or New Year's day, which is always celebrated with great pomp at the capital. We had been presented to the Shah before the opening of the public "salaam" or levee, and seats were assigned to us in a room adjoining the grand audience-chamber which overlooked the whole pageant. It was an imposing spectacle, but an unmannerly elephant contrived to turn it into ridicule, by filling his trunk from the tank near which he stood, and showering its contents upon a luckless poet who was in the act of reciting an ode in honour of the "centre of the universe."

Perhaps the elephant was critical, and did not approve of the laureat's ode; or he might have been jealous, and thought that the poem ought to have been devoted to him, rather than to the Centre of the Universe. But from elephants and poets let us turn to Kings, and give Captain Wilbraham's portraiture of

THE SOVEREIGN OR SHAH OF PERSIA.

His age does not exceed one or two and thirty, but his thick beard and heavy figure make him appear an older man: his countenance is rather handsome, and, except when his anger is excited, of a prepossessing, good-humoured expression his manner, especially towards Europeans, is extremely affable: he generally speaks Turkish, the language of his tribe, but, both in that and in Persian, his enunciation is so rapid that it requires some practice to understand him. Compared with the generality of Asiatics, the Shah is a man of considerable energy, and by no means deficient in information: he is well versed in the history of his own country, and has a tolerably correct idea of the geography and politic a

state of Europe. His army is his hobby, and to his thirst for military fame he sacrifices both his own ease and comfort, and the welfare and prosperity of his country."

Even this is a higher estimate of the monarch than others have formed of him; but his talents are likely soon to be put to a test that will at once settle their degree and value. When this army-loving King chose to undertake his expedition to Herat, our officers in his service could not engage in it, and our author availed himself of this interval of military duty to visit the Russian territories. He happened to be at Teflis just at the time the Emperor Nicholas was there, and as we have just given his sketch of a Persian, we must give his portrait of a Russian monarch:—

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS AT TEFLIS.

The boast of the Russians—that among a thousand men you would not fail to recognize the Emperor—is scarcely exaggerated. His figure is commanding and his countenance striking; his height must be nearly six feet two, and his frame unites symmetry with strength; his smile is peculiarly fascinating, but the high forehead, the short and curved upper lip, and the expression of a rather small mouth, impart somewhat of sternness to his features when in repose. His naturally fair complexion is now bronzed by exposure to a southern sun; but the forehead, where the cap has sheltered it, is white as marble. His blue eye is quick and expressive, and a small moustache adds to his soldier-like appearance."

This may be very picturesque—the very *beau ideal* of an Emperor's appearance; but the following anecdote will display the coarseness and barbarity of the Russian military discipline. We like not even justice itself, where the accused has not a fair and formal trial; and even with a trial, punishment ought to bear some proportion to the nature of the offence, and to the station of the criminal:—

THE EMPEROR'S SEVERE JUSTICE.

After the parade had been dismissed a terrible act of justice was performed. The officers were called to the front, and Prince Dadian, the Colonel of the Grenadiers of Georgia, the son-in-law of the Governor-general, and an Aide-de-camp of the Emperor, was conducted into his Majesty's presence. I saw that all was not right, and walked towards the other end of the parade with Col. Rauch. I did not hear what was said, but saw the Military Governor step forward, unbutton the Prince's coat, and tear off his aiguillettes. His sword was taken from him, and within a few hours he was on his way to a distant fortress to await his trial by court-martial. It was so unexpected, that I am told several of his nearest relations were looking on from the balcony of his own house, without a suspicion of what was about to take place. I could scarcely believe my eyes, for I had seen him the preceding day at the Emperor's table. A charge had been brought against him for employing large numbers of the men of his regiment in his own private concerns; and an aide-de-camp of the Emperor had been sent to the station of his corps to inquire into the truth of the statement: he had only returned the preceding night. I was sorry for the poor Princess, who had only been married to him a twelvemonth. I have since heard that the military tribunal sentenced him to serve in the ranks, and that in despair he committed suicide.

GLEANINGS FROM THE LAST NUMBER OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

A FAMILY REASON FOR GOING TO AMERICA.

"'I am astonished to hear this news,' said Nicholas. 'Going to America! You had no such thing in contemplation when I was with you.'

"'No,' replied Crummles, 'I had'nt then. The fact is, that Mrs. Crummles—most extraordinary woman, Johnson'—here he broke off and whispered something in his ear.

"'Oh!' said Nicholas, smiling. "The prospect of an addition to your family?'

"'The seventh addition, Johnson,' returned Mr. Crummles, solemnly. 'I thought such a child as the phenomenon must have been a closer; but it seems we are to have another. She is a very remarkable woman.'

"'I congratulate you,' said Nicholas, 'and I hope this may prove a phenomenon too.'

"'Why it's pretty sure to be something uncommon, I suppose,' rejoined Mr. Crummles. 'The talent of the other three is principally in combat and serious pantomime. I should like to have this one to have a turn for juvenile tragedy; I understand they want something of that sort in America very much. However, we must take it as it comes. Perhaps it may have a genius for the tight-rope.'"

AN EARNEST ACTOR.

"'Timberry won't be long,' said Mr. Crummles. He 'played the audience out to-night. He does a faithful black in the last piece, and it takes him a little longer to wash himself.'

"'A very unpleasant line of character, I should think?' said Nicholas.

"'No, I don't know,' replied Mr. Crummles; 'it comes off easily enough, and there's only the face and neck. We had a first-tragedy man in our company once, who, when he played Othello, used to black himself all over. But that's feeling a part and going into it as if you meant it; it isn't usual—more's the pity.'"

A MODERN AUTHOR OF PLAYS.

"I am happy to know a gentleman of such great distinction," said Nicholas politely.

"Sir," replied the wit, "you're very welcome, I'm sure. The honor is reciprocal, sir, as I usually say when I dramatise a book. Did you ever hear a definition of fame, sir?"

"I have heard several," replied Nicholas, with a smile, "What is yours?"

"When I dramatise a book, sir," said the literary gentleman, "THAT's fame—for its author."

"Oh, indeed!" rejoined Nicholas.

"That's fame, sir!" said the literary gentleman.

"So Richard Turpin, Tom King, and Jerry Abershaw, have handed down to fame the names of those on whom they committed their most impudent robberies," said Nicholas.

"I don't know any thing about that, sir," answered the literary gentleman.

"Shakspeare dramatised stories which had previously appeared in print, it is true," observed Nicholas.

"Meaning Bill, sir," said the literary gentleman. "So he did; Bill was an adapter, certainly so he was—and very well he adapted too—considering"—

"I was about to say," rejoined Nicholas, "that Shakspeare derived some of his plots from old tales and legends in general circulation, but it seems to me that some of the gentlemen of your craft at the present day have shot very far beyond him—"

"You're quite right, sir," interrupted the gentleman, leaning back in his chair, and exercising his tooth-pick. "Human intellect, sir, has progressed since his time—is progressing—will progress—"

"Shot beyond him, I mean," resumed Nicholas, "in quite another respect, for, whereas he brought within the magic circle of his genius traditions peculiarly adapted for his purpose, and turned familiar things into constellations which should enlighten the world for ages, you drag within the magic circle of your dulness subjects not at all adapted to the purposes of the stage, and debase as he exalted. For instance, you take the uncompleted books of living authors fresh from their hands, wet from the press, cut, hack, and carve them to the powers and capacities of your actors, and the capabilities of your theatres—finish unfinished works, hastily and crudely vamp up ideas not yet worked out by their original projector, but which have, doubtless, cost him many thoughtful days and sleepless nights—by a comparison of incidents and dialogue down to the very last word he may have writen a fortnight before, do your utmost to anticipate his plot—all this without his permission and against his will; and then, to crown the whole proceeding, publish, in some mean pamphlet, an unmeaning farrago of garbled extracts from his work, to which you put your name as author, with the honorable distinction annexed of having perpetrated a hundred other outrages of the same description. Now, show me the distinction between such pilfering as this and picking a man's pocket in the street, unless, indeed, it be, that the legislature has a regard for pocket-handkerchiefs, and leaves men's brains, except when they are knocked out by violence, to take care of themselves."

"Men must live, sir," said the literary gentleman, shrugging his shoulders.

"That would be an equally fair plea in both cases," replied Nicholas; "but if you put it upon that ground, I have nothing more to say than, if I were a writer of books, and you a thirsty dramatist, I would rather pay your tavern score for six months—large as it might be—than have a niche in the Temple of Fame with you for the humblest corner of my pedestal, through six hundred generations.

SPECIMEN OF THE PUFF THEATRICAL.

"But where are you going," said Nicholas, "that you talk of bidding good-bye?" "Havn't you seen it in the papers?" said Crummles, with some dignity. "No," replied Nicholas." "I wonder at that," said the manager. It is among the varieties. I had the paragraph here somewhere—but I don't know—oh yes, here it is." So saying, Mr. Crummles, after pretending that he thought he must have lost it, produced a square inch of newspaper from the pocket of the pantaloons he wore in private life (which, together with the plain clothes of several other gentlemen, lay scattered about on a kind of dresser in the room,) and gave it to Nicholas to read:—

"The talented Vincent Crummles, long favorably known to fame as a country manager and actor of no ordinary pretensions, is about to cross the Atlantic on a histrionic expedition. Crummles is to be accompanied, we hear, by his lady and gifted family. We know no man superior to Crummles in his particular line of character, or one who, whether as a public or private individual, could carry with him the best wishes of a larger circle of friends. Crummles is certain to succeed."

"Here is another bit," said Mr. Crummles, handing over a still smaller scrap. "This is from the notices to correspondents, this one." Nicholas read it aloud:—

"Philo Dramaticus.—Crummles, the country manager and actor, cannot be more than forty-three or forty-four years of age. Crummles is NOT a Prussian, having been born at Chelsea."

"Humph!" said Nicholas, "that's an odd paragraph. "Very," returned Crummles, scratching the side of his nose, and looking at Nicholas with an assumption of great concern. "I can't think who puts these things in. *I* didnt." Still keeping his eye on Nicholas, Mr. Crummles shook his head twice or thrice with profound gravity, and remarking, that he could not for the life of him imagine how the newspapers found out the things they did, folded up the extracts and put them in his pocket again.

RESUSCITATION OF THE BRITISH CABINET,

BY A BRACE OF CHAMBERMAIDS!

From the London Morning Post, June 10.

The world is aware that that emasculated, impure, and dropsical body, commonly known by the name of the "Whig-Radical Cabinet," gave up the ghost, to all appearance, some three or four weeks ago; and our readers have seen with what due and fitting honours its obsequies were performed, and what an appropriate "tail" accompanied the defunct carcase to its last place in St. Stephen's, when it was, as we and the country fondly supposed, buried in the tomb of the Capulets for ever and for ever. But who should ever put faith in the tears of the crocodile, or the seeming sleep of the serpent? Though dead to the eye, and putrescent to the nose, there still lurked in its baser parts—if there may be said to be a baser where all is basest—a worm-like clinging to vitality; though incapable of action, or of the slightest motion for good or for evil, there remained in its viperous intestines an obscene yearning after mischievous animation; though deprived of every visible principle of life, extinguished in soul, rotten in heart, and corrupted in members, there trickled through its swollen veins a poisonous ichor which held it in a death-like torpor on the confines of existence; though pretending to be deceased, it had no notion of dying; and in short, while humbugging the world with a hypocrital show of dissolution, it was only indulging in a tranquil trance, after the manner of its late discarded limb, Glenelg, or undergoing a gentle jesuitical *feint*.

A brace of chambermaids were the workers of this unnatural and somewhat magical resuscitation. These kind souls having gained promotion in the service of the defunct, and being attached to it by more than common ties, felt curious to have one last peep at their fallen master, and thought it only becoming to drop a tear each upon its wretched remains. With this pious design the good-natured pair hied them to the nauseous charnel-house. There, no sooner had they approached the offensive body, and touched it with their hands, than, whether from that divine influence which emanates from "lovely woman," and which poets say "can create a soul under the ribs of death," or that the crisis of the *feint* had arrived, or that the amiable fair ones bore about their persons some powerful elements of animal magnetism, electricity, or galvanism, the previously stirless corpse made one desperate convulsive kick, and awoke to a state of being half idiot, half insane, but altogether deplorable and beastly. Astonished and yet delighted at what they had done, the affectionate chambermaids with that disinterestedness and thorough devotion which are the characteristics of the softer sex, instantly divested themselves of their proper habiliments, and wrapped up the poor old clay-cold body in their warm petticoats, totally regardless of the gibes and jeers which their own denuded persons would excite in the partly shocked, partly amused multitude. Like wildfire did the news of this miraculous event fly. The solemn masses for the dead which were chanting over the kingdom were suddenly changed into high masses for the living, the Reform Club, which wore the appearance of a deserted rat-hole, once more swarmed with its lively and tail-ornamented vermin; the bill "To let" which was stuck upon Lord Howick's parlour window gave place to a dapper little painter and glazier's boy; the Big Beggarman blubbered like a great overgrown nurserymaid who has just discovered her half-dozen darlings whom she thought she had lost for ever; and the Siamese beauties, Sir W. Molesworth and J. Temple Leader, sucked between them a whole ha'porth of lollipop. After the ecstacies of the first joyful astonishment had subsided, preparations were set on foot to convey, with proper demonstration, the revived corpus back to its most sweet quarters in Downing-street. As we have chronicled its funeral obsequies, we feel bound to present our readers with the order of its reinstallation march, viz:—

A TROOP OF PENNY-A-LINERS—*magna caterva!*

Flourishing their long goose quills, and led by the *Globe*-ruling "Cupid," in the character of "Fame"—*monstrum horrendum, ingens!*

A band of smaller jackals of the press, kept in tune by Dr. Lardner, and making precious Whig-music on their half-penny cut-calls, whistles, squeaking trumpets, &c.

THE REPENTANT RADICAL RATS,

Headed by "Old Joey," the all-but dismissed of Kilkenny, doing penance in long white winding-sheets, and with bare pates and feet.

THE UNFORTUNATE MAJORITY OF 5!

Covered with crape, and born by two executioners.

Band of livery servants and boot boys. Air—"Oh, breathe not its name—let it rest in the shade!"

Atheists and Papists, two and two.

Procession of Monks and Priests, preceded by John Archbishop of Tuam (!) in grand canonicals, chaunting *De profundis!*

The Agitator and "Tail," two and two.

Supporters Socinians Papists Infidels.	THE GREAT WHIG EDUCATION PLAN, borne by Little Lord John.	Supporters Socinians Papists Infidels.
Lord Brougham, habited as first "Minister of Public Instruction," bearing a banner; device a birch broom, motto "The schoolmaster is abroad."		
Expectants on the education scheme patronage, headed by Tom Wyse.		
Banner, "Retrenchment," borne by Spring Rice.	A CART-LOAD OF "PROMISES," driven by Melbourne, and graciously scattered by him on all sides.	Banner, "Progressive Reform," carried by Hobhouse.

WAITERS ON PROVIDENCE, led by Whittle Harvey.

Urlings and Linkboys, two and two.

Procession of Chambermaids, with brushes and buckets, four a-breast.

Lords Morpeth and Howick, the former as *La Sylphide*, the latter as *La Bayadére* dancing a *pas de deux*.

The two Principal Chambermaids, mounted on chargers, and habited as *Joan of Arc* and *Penthesilea furens*.

Supporters, Under Nurses, bearing Caudle-cups & Restoratives.	THE BODY, Covered with Petticoats, and borne by four old Nurses in mob-caps and farthingales.	Supporters, Under Nurses, bearing Caudle-cups & Restoratives.

Chorus of Serving-maids and Tinewomen, dancing and singing, led by Lord Normanby, habited as *Psyche*.

A mob of Old Women, headed by Abercromby without his wig, and bearing his Patent of Nobility in his pocket.

Radicals, Rebels, Levellers, Expectants, Hangers-on, &c. &c., an interminable crowd.

In this order the procession moved on until it arrived at Downing-street, where it deposited its precious freight, which the official bulletins continue up to the present moment to announce as still surviving.

"A vile old carcase, sick'ning to the eyes,
Blotched o'er with scandals, infamies, and lies;
An object that each human bosom grieves,
Sinning in death, and rotting though it lives."

NATIONAL DANCES OF SPAIN.

A Summer in Andalucia. 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley. 1839.

Two exceedingly well written volumes, offering correct and lucid views of persons and things as they are found—of scenery and character—of manners, morals, customs, &c. We have lately witnessed the performances of the Bayaderes in the metropolis, still more recently those of some Spanish dancers, and with Duvernay's *cachucha* we have long been intimate. Hear what our author says of

THE GENUINE BOLERO, FANDANGO, CACHUCHA, &c.

The *bolero*, as exhibited on the stage, is no longer the wild wanton dance of the peasantry, yet enough of its original character is retained to give it a tone of voluptuousness, and he must possess the apathy of a stoic who can remain insensible to its fascinations. How indeed can it be otherwise, since this is the dance of love? Each performer dances not only *with*, but *to* the other, acting love in its various and varying forms—timorous, melancholy, reproachful, or joyful, ardent, impassioned—now seeming to respond to, now to reject, the advances of the other. Sometimes the nymph, with languishing looks and alluring gestures, appears about to throw herself into the arms of her lover, who eagerly darts to meet her;—then she suddenly turns away, affecting coyness, yet with head half averted, and eyes beaming with tenderness, seems still to tempt him to win her.

No description or pictured representation can convey more than a very imperfect idea of the charms of the *bolero*. To be understood and appreciated, it must be witnessed, and that, too, as performed by the natives of Andalucia; for, in this province of Spain, it is danced to perfection—the superior grace, agility, and fire of the Andaluces, rendering them unrivalled. It seems a peculiar characteristic of the *bolero*, that every muscle, every nerve, every feature, is called into play; nay, a proper management of the very looks is requisite to give it its due expression; in fact, every other dance appears tame and senseless in comparison. When a Taglioni throws her body into positions, which, however gracefully assumed, are strained and unnatural, we look on uninterested except in the skill and elegance exhibited: such feats are but displays of cold, unmeaning art. But the *bolero* never oversteps nature—its motions are all natural, exciting our warmest sympathies by their truth and meaning, and yet eliciting our admiration as proofs of the most finished art.*

The Spaniards are passionately fond of the *bolero*; the fact of its being performed regularly at the theatre—frequently three or four times the same evening—sufficiently proves this. Once seen, indeed, it is never forgotten; every thing associated with it is cherished by the memory; and never afterwards could I hear the rolling click of the castanets, even at a distance, without an excitation, a sudden delirium of the senses, caused by the remembrance of this most fascinating dance.

Whatever may be its seductive qualities, the *bolero* can never be charged with indecency. There is nothing gross, as in the Italian ballets; nothing to offend even a fastidious modesty. The *fandango*, however, of which the *bolero*, is a modification, is much more free in its character; and is, therefore, very rarely exhibited on the stage, though a great favorite with the peasantry. It is of high antiquity—by some supposed to have been introduced by the Arabs, but a similar dance seems to have existed in Spain at a much earlier period, for Marshall evidently describes the *meneo* in those lines, commencing—

Nec de Gadibus improbis puellæ, &c.

LIB. V. EPIG. 78.

And Juvenal also in his Sat. xi. v. 162.

As the *fandango*, however, is said to assimilate closely to the dances of modern Egypt, we must either conclude that the Egyptians received it from the Spanish Moors, or refer its origin to the Phœnicians, as introducing it into both Spain and Africa.†

In our next we will endeavor to find space for another extract or two.

* The *cachucha*, with which Duvernay has so delighted the British public, has little of the spirit of the Spanish dance. It loses half its charms, and from the very nature of the dance, all its meaning, by being performed alone; and Duvernay again, with all her elegance, wants Spanish fire; she is too soft and Italianized for this dance; her movements are unquestionably very beautiful, but the fire, the soul of the genuine *cachucha*, is lost in her excess of gentleness.

† The guitar and castanets, as accompanying instruments, are undoubtedly of Arabian origin, and are still used in Egypt, and other parts of the East. Martial mentions "*cantica*" and "*crusmata*" as accompaniments in his day to the dances of the Gaditanæ.

HUMORS OF VENTRILOQUISM.

As the Mayor was about to open the important business of the day, with the expression of a lively hope that all persons would have a fair and impartial hearing, Valentine entered the hall, and having by virtue of perseverance, reached the steps of the rostrum from which the electors were to be addressed, prepared at once to commence operations. The first speaker was Mr. Creedale, an extremely thin gentleman, with an elaborately-chisseled nose, who came forward on the liberal side to nominate Mr. Job Stone.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Creedale.

"Nonsense!" cried Valentine, in an assumed voice, of course which appeared to proceed from a remote part of the hall.

"Gentlemen," repeated Mr. Creedale, with some additional emphasis.

"Pooh, pooh!" exclaimed Valentine, changing the tone.

"It may," said Mr. Creedale, "be nonsense, or it may be pooh, pooh! but, gentlemen, I address you as gentlemen, and beg that I may not be interrupted."

"O don't mind Tibbs; go on!" cried Valentine.

"Oh! Tibbs; indeed!" observed Mr. Creedale, with a contemptuous curl of the lip. "It's Mr. Tibbs, is it?"

"No! no!" cried the accused individual, who was a highly respectable grocer, and remarkable for his quiet and unassuming demeanor.

"I am surprised at Mr. Tibbs," said Mr. Creedale in continuation—"I have until now regarded him as an individual——"

"No, no!" again vociferated Tibbs, "It arn't me, I arn't spoke a synnable."

"If Mr. Tibbs," observed the Mayor, "or if any other gentleman be desirous of addressing the meeting, he will have an opportunity of doing so anon."

"Upon my honor," exclaimed Tibbs, "I've——"

Here there were general cries of "Order, order! chair!" when Mr. Creedale continued—

"Gentlemen, without adverting to any extraneous matter, it gives me unspeakable pleasure to propose——"

"A revolutionist!" growled Valentine, in a heavy bass voice.

"That's me, I s'pose!" exultingly cried Tibbs, shaking his head and giving a most triumphant wink.

"I know whose voice that is," said Mr. Creedale, "That's the voice of the Conservative bully. Yes, that's Mr. Brownrigg.

"What!" shouted Brownrigg, in a voice of indignant thunder.

"What!" echoed Mr. Creedale.

"Say it's me again," shouted Brownrigg, "just only so much as say it's me again."

"Mr. Brownrigg," observed the Mayor, "will be pleased to conduct himself *here* with propriety."

"What do you mean!" exclaimed Brownrigg. "Why fix upon me!"

"That is not the first time," observed Mr. Creedale, "that Mr. Brownrigg has been here with the view of blustering for the Conservatives; but it won't——"

"As true as life!" exclaimed Brownrigg, "I never opened my lips. If I did——"

Loud cries of "Order, order! Question! Chair, chair!" drowned the conclusion of the sentence, however interesting it might have been, and Mr. Creedale resumed—

"As I was about to observe, gentlemen, when disgracefully interrupted, it gives me great pleasure to propose Mr. Stone as——"

"A Dickey!" screamed Valentine, assuming the shrill voice of a female—"Don't have him! he's a dickey!"

Here the entire meeting cried "Shame!" and the candidate rose to repel the insinuation.

"Officers!" shouted the Mayor, "instantly turn that depraved woman out."

Hereupon a corps of corporate constables entered with their staves, and rushed to the spot from whence the sound appeared to proceed; but no woman was discoverable.

From the Life and Adventures of Valentine Vox, the Ventriloquist.

THE PHILADELPHIA REGATTA.

The Regatta on the Schuylkill, which took place on Thursday, June 25th, was well contested by the different barges of the amateur oarsmen. At a few minutes before five, the four oared boats were placed in their positions, and the signal gun fired. The Vigilant, being the favorite boat among the concourse of spectators which surrounded the adjoining hills and wharves, soon proved herself such by leading her competitors from the start, the Dew Drop pushing close on her quarter, and the Swan some distance in the rear. On passing Pratt's Point, the Dew Drop touched on the rock at the place, by which means the upper pintal of her rudder broke, thereby throwing her out of her direct course, and prohibiting the coxswain from giving that impetus to the boat which his proper station required. She however continued on her course, and followed the Vigilant back to the starting point, coming in about 100 yards behind the Vigilant, and the Swan about 300 yards in the rear of the Dew Drop. The Vigilant's time was 19 minutes.

After the first race was concluded, great anxiety was manifested by the spectators in relation to the boats of the first class, who had not yet made their appearance at the stand appropriated for the judges. However, about half past five, the Atalanta was seen heading slowly around Pratt's Point, and her opponent, the Falcon, immediately in the rear. The boats both came slowly down to the starting points, and arranged themselves in position, the Atalanta having the inner track. At 13 minutes to six, the signal was given, both moving off in fine style, nearly bow and bow, until nearing Pratt's Point, when the Atalanta appeared slowly to take the lead of the Falcon, and passed the buoy, the Falcon about a boat's length astern. (The excitement at this time had become very high, in consequence of its being made known that the Falcon was a New York built boat, and had been finished expressly for the race.) The Atalanta continued on her course, and came in about 150 yards ahead—time 17 minutes. Both boats were handsomely rowed, and great credit is due the crews for the spirited manner in which the race was contested. The Atalanta is a Philadelphia boat, built by George F. James, painted white with blue streak, 42 feet long, oarsmen dressed with blue striped shirts and caps, and white pants. The Falcon is a white boat, 45 feet long, oarsmen dressed in blue and white striped shirts, white caps with black trimming, and white pants.

The day was stormy, and most unpropitious for the spectators, who were in consequence not numerous.

Saturday Courier.

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

An American Agent in England.—Gentlemen desirous of importing stock or employing an agent to transact business for them in England, are informed that an American gentleman, favorably known as a breeder and turfman, will sail for Liverpool from this port, in the latter part of this month, who for a moderate commission will undertake any business entrusted to his care. He has been abroad before, and is very well acquainted with the various strains of stock in England, having imported horses, cattle, and sheep on his own account, and for several other southern gentlemen; he will enjoy many facilities for the transaction of business from the fact that he makes this second visit to England with a similar view. As we do not feel at liberty to designate at present, the address of the gentleman alluded to, we take pleasure in stating that he is a gentleman of family and character in society, and that any business entrusted to him will be attended to with fidelity, and promptitude. Letters for him, (post paid) to the care of the editor of this paper, will be handed to him immediately on his arrival in town.

Cincinnati Races.—The new proprietors of the Buckeye Course are making the most spirited exertions to give eclat to their future meetings. The purses they offer exceed in amount those of any other course between New Orleans and Baltimore, and the proprietors have made handsome additions to the different stakes now open. A majority of the citizens of Cincinnati strongly impressed with the advantages of having a course in the vicinity of their beautiful city, are determined to throw the weight of their character, wealth, and influence into the scale of the proprietors. The turfmen of Kentucky can afford to lend a hand towards "setting the thing a-going" at Cincinnati, and we trust will do it like trumps as they are, with all their characteristic spirit and good feeling.

Priam.—Reports having been bruited abroad to the effect that this splendid horse was in feeble health, we take pleasure in stating that such is not the fact. A gentleman who saw him last week informs us that he is fine in plight.

Capt. John S. Corbin has disposed of his interest in the Fairfield Course, Va., to Mr. Isham Puckett, who will make many improvements upon the property, prior to the Fall Meeting.

Col. John L. White has just completed a handsome race course at Pittsylvania Court House, Va., and organized a Jockey Club. The Fall Meeting will commence on the 3d Wednesday, 18th September.

Mr. John H. Anderson claims the name of *Kate Nickleby*, for his ch. f. by Wild Bill, out of Anna Aiken by Sir Charles. Also that of *John McGee* for his b. c. by Cock of the Rock out of Selma by Timoleon. Also that of *Minerva Proffit* for his 2 year old filly by Imp. Luzborough out of Sophy Bess by Marcus Bel-air.

A. L. Shotwell, Esq., of Georgetown, Ky., and Mr. Thos. M. Scruggs claim the name of *Samuel Purdy* for a yearling colt by Eclipse out of a Whipster mare, and she by Buford's Eclipse (a son of Diomed), out of a mare by Union. The colt is a bay with a star and one white foot—is a second edition of his sire in form, and promises to turn up such another trump. The colt is named in honor of the late lamented Alderman Purdy of this city, the rider of Eclipse in the two last heats of his match with Henry.

John Richards.—We were glad to learn from a gentleman of Kentucky last week, that this fine son of Sir Archy had made a good season there this Spring, having had eighty-seven mares. Last year, and the one previous, the *Rattler* mares appeared to very great advantage; this season, the *John Richards'* mares bear off the palm. Among other good ones may be named Portsmouth, Hornblower, Polly Green, Manalopan, and others.

Saluda.—By some unaccountable hocus pocus in our printing-office, (the devil having set up as a locomotive stud-book, on his own hook) we have twice essayed to print the pedigree of the celebrated dam of Dr. Syntax correctly, and have been distanced both times. This devil, who knows just as much about Saluda as she knows about him, appears to have taken it into his knowledge-box that Saluda is a sister of Medoc, and notwithstanding the advertisement in which she is mentioned was written correctly in the manuscript, he must needs alter it; *of course* he made *a mus* of it; the following week, [last Saturday] we corrected the error in manuscript, and as "the devil would have it," alter it again he as certainly did, making confusion worse confounded. The fact is, the old compositors on "the Spirit" are a heap smarter than some State delegations in Congress, but a new devil we've got, rakes down the corn when you come to pedigrees—that is, in his own conceit. This week we reckon we shall have Saluda's pedigree printed as originally written, and after this wise:—*Saluda*, a chesnut mare, the sire of Dr. Syntax, Viceroy and others, was got by Timoleon out of a Sir Harry mare and she out of Highland Mary an own sister to Sir Archy. There are few better bred mares in the country than herself and *Gypsey*, which last *is* a sister to Medoc, by-the-bye, and no mistake.

Boat Race,—the "Shakspeare" vs. the "Benj. Shamburg." On Monday afternoon a spirited race came off between the *Shakspeare* (a Fulton market crack), and the *Benj. Shamburg* (a flyer of Whitehall), for a respectable sized "monster" of Mr. Biddle's. Each boat is 30 feet long; the former manned by John Jennings, John Ludlow, Anthony Ludlow, and Henry Barger, oarsmen, and Michael Burns, coxswain; and the latter, by Thomas McDonald, John Hardenstine, Robert Silva and Robert S. Martin, oarsmen, and John Parmerton, coxswain. The boats started from a stake boat, at anchor abreast of Robbins' Reef, and came out at Castle Garden—the Shakspeare beating by one length. Distance 5 miles. Time of rowing 22 minutes 35 seconds.

Montreal Turf Club.—The annual meeting of this club is to commence on Monday, the 19th of Aug., and continue three days. The Queen's Plate will be run for on the 1st day; the Ladies' Purse, gentlemen riders, on the 2d, and the Hurdle Race, gentlemen riders on the 3d. We are desired to state that the following gentlemen comprise the officers of the club:—

G. W. Aubrey, Esq., President; Dr. Robertson, Vice President. *Stewards,*—The Hon. R. U. Harwood, Col. White, 7th Hussars, Lt. Col. Lyster, Gren. Guards, P. E. Leclere, Esq., Capt. Ermatinger, R.M.C., Capt. Jones, Q.L.D., Hon. C. S. De Bleury, Capt. Sweeney, R.M.C. *Clerks of the Course,*—A. P. Hart, M. Samuel David, R. Weir, Jr., Esquires. J. D. Gibb, Esq., Treasurer; Mr. E. D. David, Secretary.

La Prairie (L.C.) Races.—A letter from one of the officers informs us that the July meeting will commence on Tuesday, the 23d instant, and continue three days. The following gentlemen have been elected Stewards:—Lord Charles Beauclerk, of The Royals, Lieut. Col. Whyte, of the 7th Hussars, Lieut. Col. Greenwood, of the Grenadier Guards, and Capt. Tysson, of the King's Dragoon Guards.

Woodcock Shooting in New-Jersey.—There has been no better cock-season than the present for many years past. Birds are extremely plentiful, and what is very unusual, almost as large as in the Autumn. Out of about eighty which we saw killed on the fifth and sixth, there were not above six that were not full grown. For the benefit of those who are truly fond of this manly and exciting sport, and who are at the same time sufficiently *gourmets* to appreciate good wines, good cookery, and good attendance, we would take this opportunity of stating that there is no better ground in New-Jersey—that is to say in the world—than the neighborhood of Schooley's Mountain. All the country between Chester, the German Valley, and the Musconekcong Ridge, in a glen near the summit of which the mineral springs are situate, is absolutely alive with game; while the northwestern slope toward the Delaware and Hudson Canal is, if possible, superior as a sporting ground. To all good shots, and keen sportsmen, therefore we would most earnestly recommend a visit to our old friend Hinchman of the Belmont House. His cookery, and the general accommodations of his house—which has by the way been greatly enlarged and ornamented during the present year—have always been superlative; the scenery around is romantesquely beautiful—the air pure, the society select; the sporting, as we have before said, not to be surpassed, and the host—we vouch for it—a thorough trump.

Trotting at Philadelphia.—A meeting of two days will commence on the Hunting Park Course on the 23d instant. The proprietor's advertisement will be found in another column.

Woodcock Shooting in Orange County.—A friend called at our office the other day, and finding us out—for a wonder—left a note for us with the following tempting postscript:—

"I returned home on Sunday after two capital day's cock shooting in Orange Co. (N. Y.) W—— and I bagged thirty-two the first day, and fifty-two the second. I don't believe many have honestly beat the bag out of New York this season."

Eagle Course, Trenton, N. J.—Attention is invited to the programme of the Stakes recently opened to be run over this popular Course. The Fall Meeting is to commence on the second Tuesday following the Meeting on the Kendall Course at Baltimore; and the purses, it will be seen, are larger than have been offered on any Course north of Louisiana.

Trotting Time.—In our report of the trot last week between *Dutchman* and *Awful*, we alluded to Dutchman's previous match with Rattler as having been done in harness; we should have said, under the saddle. The article was hastily written, and had we read the manuscript or the proof carefully, we should have detected the error, having reported that match from personal observation. Indeed we could hardly credit the fact of our having written such a sentence, and were not convinced until we got picked up for a bottle of Chateau Margaux, by a knowing one, who pointed it out to us in "the Spirit,"—of course we had to "acknowledge the corn." An occasional Correspondent that deserves Lynching (almost) for not writing more frequently, has sent us the following:

"The best harness time I ever heard of was made by Macduff and Screwdriver, the latter having trotted three miles, over the Centreville (then short) Course, Long Island, on the 9th of May 1833, in 8:08; Lady Victory having done, over the same Course the year before, the same distance in 8:11. The next time Mac and Screw met, the latter came in 8.07. Columbus, about one year after, made 7:58 over the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia, under the saddle, which was considered very great time, and on which occasion one of the Gentlemen of the Club gave as a toast—

'Columbus—the first discoverer of 7:58.'

Since which 7:58 has stood as the best time on record until last Fall, when Dutchman won a 2nd heat of 3 miles, under the saddle, in 7:50, and trotted on that day 12 miles, averaging 2:41⅗ to the mile.

"But the last trot of 3 miles in harness *Eclipses* every thing in the shape of a trot, viz.: 3 miles in harness in 7:41; beating the best harness time ever made 26 secs., and the best *saddle* time 9 seconds."

Imported Hedgeford has just concluded a very fine season at Versailles, Ky., his class numbering 102, at $100 each; above fifty of his mares are of fashionable blood. His colts dropped this Spring are described to us as in high form, many of them being quite handsome. We trust there may be a few Duanes among them.

The Breeding and Agricultural Interest.—We regret to remark that efforts have been made to curtail the circulation of this paper in the western section of this State, and the North generally, under the pretence that it is filled with advertisements, and devotes little space to the interests of the Breeder and the Farmer, all of which our readers know to be absolutely false. It is with peculiar gratification, therefore, that we notice in the daily "*Albany Argus*," of the 9th instant, the following paragraph, more especially as we have not the pleasure of an acquaintance with the editor of the official State journal, who being a leading politician of the day, could not have been expected to take much interest in those subjects to which this paper is devoted. We beg to tender our acknowledgments to Mr. Croswell for the timely expression of his opinion as to the claims of the "Spirit of the Times," in his universally circulated journal, and at the same time to assure our readers that no expense or exertion will deter us from rendering it entirely worthy of those many staunch friends who have solong stood by us through evil and good report:—

From the "Albany Argus" of July 9th.

"Spirit of the Times, a Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.—This publication contains more matter for the money than any other in America. It is a double quarto, filled with originals and selections under all the various heads that make up its title; evincing good taste, resources of material not within the reach of the periodicals generally, and much skill and industry in combining and arranging its varied and costly viands. Each number contains twelve octavo pages, printed on linen paper of the finest texture, on a new and beautiful type, and with a delicacy and richness of execution rarely equalled. It is issued every Saturday in the city of New York. The present volume (which commenced the 9th March) has been embellished with the following large and costly portraits, engraved on steel in the cleverest manner from original paintings by the most eminent artists, viz: *Mad'lle Augusta*, in the character of La Sylphide, *Black Maria*, the property of Hon. B. Peyton, and *John Bascombe*, the property of Col. John Crowell. To these, four others, of equal character and finish, will be added. "The Spirit of the Times" is edited, with equal industry and talent, by Wm. T. Porter, Esq.; and is altogether a publication worthy of its extended patronage, particularly among sportsmen, and worth all its cost, $10 per annum.

A Purse of $30, mile heats, best 3 in 5, will be trotted for at the Red House, Harlem, at 4½ o'clock on Tuesday next.

SOMETHING "RAYTHER" COMPLIMENTARY.

Richmond, Va., June 25th, 1839.

Mr. Editor,—Whilst I am seated in anxious expectation for the arrival of "The Spirit of the Times," gratitude prompts me to express to you, the pleasure I derive from your paper. If you have ever watched the sun, breaking from the clouds after a week's rain, or have stood in breathless silence at your solitary stand, to catch the cry of the dogs, or have waited for the matin rattle of your ice-bright julap, after a restless night in August, you may form some idea of the manner in which I await the arrival of your paper. I am thus anxious with reason, for the effusions of your rich and joyous pen, and the selections of that good taste of thine, cheer like the morning's sun, reveal new music "in the pack's gay cry," and impart an additional flavor to the glass, (especially when your name is mentioned over it.)

If ever I can get to New York, I am determined to see you, and I feel that I shall know you on sight, for like a facetious Philadelphia Doctor, who knew *Dog*-wood by the *bark*, I shall know you by *the leaf*, (not the Leefe who takes people's names, sometimes in vain, I fancy,) but by that macrophelus hebdomadal, or *big-leaf* weekly, you send amongst us—wherefore taking that, as a *type* of Mr. *Porter*, I shall expect to find him, if not *Brown Stout*, strong, brisk, and agreeable.

Foul Fen.

Note.—We publish the above rather for the sake of letting our correspondent see himself in print than from any other motive; his complimentary allusions minister not to our vanity, as we are aware they are unmerited, and besides, the good feeling of partial friends is almost daily manifested by similar encomiums. Now as we have published his letter to oblige him, let him oblige us by sending an occasional communication, and thereby aid us in making "the Spirit" the clever, agreeable, and instructive sheet he would have it.—*Editor.*

TROTTING MATCH, DUTCHMAN vs. AWFUL.

The second match between these cracks came off on Thursday last before an immense crowd of spectators. Notwithstanding from fifteen to twenty carriages were constantly hurrying with passengers from the ferry to the course, (a distance of little more than half a mile) there could not have been less than two hundred inside of the gates. Hundreds upon hundreds were obliged to make use of Shanks' mare, which proved not to be the thing it has been cracked up to be, inasmuch as the thermometer stood at about 90. The excessive heat doubtless restrained many from attending, still there were from seven to ten thousand persons on the ground. The match was for $5000 on *Dutchman* vs. $2500 on *Awful*, three mile heats in harness. Dutchman was the favorite at 100 to 40, and considerable sums were laid out at that price; deputations from Baltimore, Philadelphia, Providence, and Boston, were rather anxious to take the odds, or little would have been done. We have seen both horses in primer fit; Dutchman especially was drawn too fine, and seemed a good deal tucked up; his coat, however, was fine, and his stroke good. The Judges called up the horses at about half past 5 o'clock; Awful had the inside track.

The Race.—After two false starts they went off at a 2:40 stroke, Awful making the turn on to the backstretch nearly a length ahead; they kept up their rate down the stretch to near the half-mile post, when Hiram called on Dutchman, and he went up on the outside and lapped him; the pace down the quarter stretch was tremendous, the mile being done in 2:34. Awful led past the stand by half a length, Hiram pulling Dutchman back on the turn to make a dash at the end of the mile. George Spicer kept Awful up to his work all the way down the backside, but as they neared the half mile post, Hiram went at him and just before he lapped him, a desperate struggle ensued. The contest was now exceedingly interesting, and the thousands of spectators were wrought up to a perfect phrenzy of excitement. At this critical moment, just as the horses were opposite the half-mile post, and while Awful was ahead, and his backers were counting the spoils in advance, *he broke!* It was as bad a break as we ever saw; before George got him fairly on his legs again Dutchman had passed and made a gap of 250 to 300 yards. Of course the thing was out. Dutchman, however, kept up his stroke nearly to the end of the mile, which was done in 2:35, but immediately afterwards Hiram took him in hand and trotted him the 3d mile at a fair turn-pike pace to near the end, when he pulled him up, and he absolutely walked over the score. It was a condition of the match that there should be no distance, otherwise the result of the trot to-day would have been a second edition of that of last Thursday.

Both cooled off well, and in thirty minutes were again at the post. Little or no betting took place in the interim, the backers of Awful being down on their luck, while the friends of Dutchman would not risk dollars to win pence.

Second heat.—Dutchman led off with the same killing stroke that has so often taken the conceit out of his competitors; Awful caught him down the backside, but he drew out at the half mile post, and being over marked on going round the turn on to the quarter-stretch in front, he skipped and broke; Hiram had him on his legs again in an instant, so that he did not lose over a length, and he came up the stretch to the stand with a rush, passing it two lengths ahead. In making the second round he widened the gap, but on the 4th turn he again broke at the same place he did on the previous mile. Spicer took advantage of the accident, and bringing up Awful at a rattling pace, soon collared him, and they swung round into straight work at a flight of speed. As they were coming directly towards the stand it was impossible to say which was leading, and the enthusiasm of the spectators would have manifested itself in tumultuous cheers had not silence been enjoined by the Judges. It was a fair trial of the foot of the two horses; both were evidently out and doing their best. The contest lasted about 300 yards, when it was clear that Dutchman was gaining; at the gate he came clearly in front, and made play past the stand, but on commencing the 1st turn he broke a third time, and Awful again locked him, but soon after declined; at the half mile post Dutchman was two lengths ahead, and he widened the gap at every stroke from thence to the finish, winning by half a dozen lengths or more, hard in hand, in 7:59. Summary:—

Beacon Course, N. J., (opposite New York City,) July 11, 1839—Match, $5000 on Dutchman vs. $2500 on Awful; driver's weight 145lbs. each. Three mile heats in harness.

Messrs. —'s b. g. *Dutchman*			*Hiram Woodruff*	1	1
Messrs. Spicer & Anderson's b. g. *Awful*			*George Spicer*	2	2
Time of 1st mile	2:34	Time of 1st mile		2:47	
" " 2d mile	2:35	" " 2d mile		2:36	
" " 3d mile	3:09	" " 3d mile		2:36	
" " First Heat	8:18	" " Second heat		7:59	

It will be remarked, that notwithstanding the time of the first heat was slow, the time of the 1st and 2d miles was a specimen of pretty tall trotting. From the rain of the previous day, the atmosphere was humid, add to which the weather was excessively sultry and warm, two facts essentially adverse to speed. The pace, even in the two fastest miles, was very much varied; neither horse, especially after the 1st mile, went at the top of his rate over 250 yards. Dutchman could have performed the 1st heat, probably, in the time he did on Thursday week last, 7:41, had he been put up.

We cannot conclude our report without expressing the opinion among those in attendance, that each horse was exceedingly well managed. George Spicer is entitled to the thanks of Awful's backers for the masterly style in which he tooled that phenomenon; no one could have given them a better show for their money, either as regards the condition in which he brought his horse to the post, or his management of him in the race. Hiram Woodruff being universally acknowledged the Arthur Taylor of the Trotting Turf, it is enough to say of him, that he did not throw a chance away, either in training or driving, but did his best, and beat the best three mile horse, save Dutchman, in the United States.

We are gratified in being able to remark, that the propriety of a suggestion we made last week relative to cheering the horses when at speed, was universally acknowledged to-day by the spectators, not the slightest noise being made calculated to alarm the horses, or break them up.

The second match between these two horses, for $1000 aside, *mile* heats, in harness, will come off over the Beacon Course on Thursday next. The betting is about even. Why cannot a Sweepstakes be made up at two mile heats, between Dutchman, Awful, and Edwin Forrest?

P. S.—Since writing the above, we have been desired to announce that a Match has been made on *Dutchman* against Time, to come off over the Beacon Course, two weeks following his next match (next Thursday), being the 1st day of August. The backers of Time lay $1000 "even up," that Dutchman cannot trot three miles in 7:49 (seven minutes forty-nine seconds), in two trials, on the 1st of August. He is allowed to do it in harness or under the saddle, and to have two hours rest between the trials, (which he will not require, we reckon).

THE NEW NASHVILLE JOCKEY CLUB.

Nashville, June 20, 1839.

Dear Spirit.—In looking over your paper of the 8th of June, I notice your correspondent, "An Observer," who hails from this neighborhood, has not been at home in the last four years. He appears at least to know nothing of the prospects of the turf here. He says "the Nashville Club has itself expired by its own limitation, and as yet a new one has not been formed," and further states, that "the most important stake ever made is to be run over the Nashville Course four years hence, to be governed by the rules of a club not in existence." Now, the truth is, the Club has not expired by two years; there has been a change of proprietors this Spring, and a new subscription got up admitting no subscription less than fifty dollars; and at our Spring races we had thirty-nine subscribers, and there is a fair prospect the list will be increased to seventy. The old Club held a meeting on the 9th of May, and after dissolving it immediately organised the New Club, to continue five years; and after electing Officers, made some additional rules, and fixed the time of their first meeting for the first Monday in October. The purses will be as good as any in the United States, New Orleans excepted. I am in hopes the Secretary of the Club will give you all the particulars in due time.

Truly, yours, H.

TROTTING MATCH, AARON BURR vs. COLUMBUS.

When we published last week the report of the first match between Aaron Burr and Columbus, we thought it very doubtful if either would ever make anything like such time again, but we have been pleasantly disappointed, as the annexed report will indicate :—

Centreville Trotting Course, L. I.—Tuesday, July 9, 1839—Match, $200 aside in wagons weight, including the driver, 400lbs. each. Two mile heats.

Samuel Coope's b. g. *Aaron Burr*	*Hiram Woodruff*	2	1	1
N. T. Weeks' b. g. *Columbus*	*Peter Wheelan*	1	2	2

Time, 5:34—5:36—5:38.

The odds were 3 to 1 on the winner; each heat was well contested from the start to the finish. Immediately before the match came off the following :—

SAME DAY—Purse $50, free for almost anything in the shape of a natural trotter; weight 145lbs. on each. Mile heats best 3 in 5, under the saddle.

Peter Wheelan's ch. g. *Gimcrack*	*P. Wheelan*	2	1	1	1
S. Piercy's ch. m. *Lady Catherine*		1	2	2	2
Henry Jones' ro. g. *Boston*		3	3	3	3
C. Bertine's bl. g. *Dandy Cox*		dist.			

Time, 2:51—2:52—2:49—2:51.

CHESTER AND ANNA CALENDER.

Our attention has been called to the following article in the "Upland Union," of the 11th ult., published at Chester, Pa.:—

The New York Spirit of the Times, in giving an account of the match race at the Camden Course, between Mr. Cochran's horse (Chester) and Mr. Kelly's filly (Ann Callender,) says, that

"Half a dozen false starts were made before the horses got off, which worried the filly excessively. Chester led to the half mile post, where the filly challenged, but could not head him; both tasted steel and cat-gut from the head of the stretch in, but the horse won by a length. Before the start, the odds were three to one on the filly, and she would have won the heat, had little Reed braced her with a long steady pull. The filly sweated out well, while the horse scarcely turned a hair; betting now about even. The filly won the second heat handily, and distanced her competitor in the third."

From this report of the race many may be deceived, and it is but proper that all parties should have justice done them. In the first place, it should be known (and the Times neglected to mention) that Chester had been down with a severe attack of the distemper two or three weeks previous to the race, from which it was impossible for him to recover and be in plight. It was with difficulty the friends of the horse prevailed upon his owner to permit him to start. The Times is in error by allowing the horse to have won the first heat by but one length, at the same time stating that the filly could have won, had the rider braced her. The filly run under a masterly rein and lively whip, whilst the horse's neck was drawn to a bow, until within a short distance of the winning-post, at which time he was several lengths ahead—many have went so far as to say that he could have distanced her. In the 2d heat, the horse lead until within a short distance of the coming out, when he was found to fail in consequence of the delicate state of his health. The Times will, probably, take occasion to make the corrections.

We are authorized by the owner of Chester, to say that he is willing and anxious to match him against Ann Calender, for two or three thousand dollars, at any time.

We insert the above that the parties may see that we have no feeling about the matter save to render even-handed justice to all; at the same time, we maintain that our report of the race cannot be impeached—that it was correct in all its essential details. It is our impression that we saw Chester at his stable a day or two previous to his race, but whether we did or not, his trainer certainly never informed us of the fact of his having been down with the distemper. How the deuce else were we to know any thing about it? The fact of his being distanced by the filly did not astonish us to that degree which induced any enquiry on the subject; we saw her on the morning of the race and thought the filly bound to beat him handily, and we presume her owner will recollect our making a remark to that effect; the current odds on her were three to one before the start.

As to the filly's being "run under a masterly rein and lively whip," the statement is absolutely absurd. She was rode by Captain STOCKTON's Ben Reed, and so badly that all the betting men on the ground desired another rider might be put up, and one was engaged (Mr. Hare's Daniel or Craig) and would have ridden her the second heat, but that Mr. THOMSON, to save the boy's feelings, urged that Ben might not have understood his orders, and finally induced the parties interested to allow him to ride again. We have a distinct recollection of the circumstances, and of Mr. T.'s speaking to us on the subjec, and appeal to every turfman on the ground for the correctness of our statement.

The race was a match for $1000 a side and $500 bye, P. P., mile heats; it was run on the 23d of May, and the report appeared in this paper on the 25th It is a little singular that no notice was taken of it until the 11th of June, and then in an obscure village journal. If the owners of Chester really desired a second match, it strikes us they might as well have proposed it BEFORE *the filly was put into the breeding stud*, more especially as the determination to make such a disposition of her was repeatedly expressed by her owner before and after the race.

ROANOKE COLT SHOW, FOR 1840.

The first annual meeting of the members of the "Roanoke Colt Show," was held on the 20th June, 1839. On motion NATHANIEL ALEXANDER, Esq., was appointed Chairman, and Col. C. P. GREEN, Secretary, when the following Rules were adopted for the future regulation of the Association.

RULE I. All premiums awarded are to be in gold or silver plate.

RULE II. The exhibition to be annually in Boydton, the day after the commencement of Randolph Macon College, of which the Secretary shall give notice.

RULE III. The members are to elect a President, Vice President, and Secretary, at each annual meeting, which said officers, together with two others to be elected at the same time, shall constitute a committee, with full authority to do whatever they may think will advance the Association; the said committee, or any three of them, to make arrangements for a dinner, to procure suitable plate for premiums, &c. &c. &c.

RULE IV. This Association shall be established for the period of ten years, and all who become members thereof shall pay to the Treasurer an annual subscription of one dollar.

RULE V. Two thirds of the members can at any time expel a member, which member so expelled shall be notified by the Secretary in writing.

RULE VI. The Secretary shall keep a record of the proceedings, subject at all times to the inspection of the members.

RULE VII. A majority of the members present at each meeting shall elect by ballot, Judges for the time being, (who are to be notified by the committee) a majority of whom will award two thirds the value of the subscription to the first best colt or filly, and the remaining third to the second best, from the respective stakes.

RULE VIII. The judges in making up their decision shall have regard to *blood*, form, and racing points, as in their judgments they may think best; furthermore they are not to have regard to the get of any celebrated stallion or the produce of any distinguished mare, to the exclusion of the produce of *well bred* sires or dams, though they may not have been so distinguished on the turf.

RULE IX. Any colt or filly winning a premium shall be excluded from all succeeding exhibitions.

RULE X. The Secretary must have a subscription list open for sucking colts or fillies, for yearlings and two year olds, price of entry, each ten dollars, which subscription shall be kept open until the 1st day of May, after that time no entry can be made, of which the Secretary will give notice in the Spirit of he Times, and Turf Register.

RULE XI. Every person desirous of making an entry for exhibition shall (unless he be a member,) pay for the privilege of making such entry five dollars, for the use of the Association.

RULE XII. Resolved that the Secretary shall have a number of copies of the above resolutions printed, and furnish each of the members with one.

The members unanimously elected Wm. TOWNES, President, E. R. CHAMBERS, Vice President, Col. C. P. GREEN, Secretary and Treasurer, and Wm. O. GOODE, and ALFRED BOYD, Stewards for one year.

The entries to either of the stakes must be in writing, directed to C. P. GREEN, Boydton, Va.

[SPORTING EPISTLE FROM "N. OF ARKANSAS."

ALDIE, Va., July 5.

My Dear P.—The glorious 4th has just passed by, and though a genuine Republican, I have not heard the "shrill fife" or "spirit-stirring drum." All here has been as calm and quiet as any one seeking a state of "retiracy" could wish. The truth is, harvest has commenced, and the farmers of Loudon have not time in which to show off their patriotism. I expect a fellow might pick up a decent head-ache anywhere just about the city of Gotham on this morning. Well, it is nothing to get drunk, but the very devil to get sober.

There seems to be a difficulty about the Nashville Sweepstakes for 1843—I mean the accompaniment to the "Peyton Stakes." I say difficulty, because there seems to be no less than three distinct stakes. I hope they may agree upon some one of them; there will be no scarcity of subscribers to it, or, for aught I know, to more than one. Those Tennessee and Alabama chaps are not slow when they undertake a thing. I dislike large entrances where the forfeit is large; $500 is forfeit enough for anything. Adopt the plan proposed in the "Trial Stakes," to rule a fellow off when he is "suspicious," on his failure to give security. But the sweepstake I most admire is "*The Gold Stake*," which comes off Fall of 1843, at Lexington, Ky. Entrance $500, forfeit, $100. Gold Cup, $500, added by the Association. Two mile heats. Foals of 1840. In which are the following entries :—

Medoc has numbers	7, 37, 45, 49, 51, 63, 64, 66, 67, 69—10.	
Mingo "	33, 34, 38, 39, 47, 48, 52, 60, 61, 68—10.	
Zinganee, Imp.	4, 9, 10, 19, 24, 25, 40, 58	8.
Hedgeford, Imp.	16, 27, 28, 30, 31, 35, 36	7.
Glencoe, Imp.	1, 2, 3, 13, 18, 70	6.
Frank	5, 6, 8, 32, 55, 56	6.
Woodpecker	42, 43, 44, 57, 62	5.
Bertrand Jr.	29, 46, 65	3.
Belshazzar, Imp.	22, 23	2.
Hickory John	14, 15	2.
Uncle Fowler	11, 12	2.
William 4th, Imp.	53, 54	2.
Rodolph	50, 59	2.
Sir Leslie	17	1.
Waxy	20	1.
Robert Burns	21	1.
Pacific	41	1.
Singleton	26	1.
Total number of entries		—70

Medoc and Glencoe head the list with ten entries each, while Woodpecker has but five. How comes this? Is the rivalry between the latter and the former dying away? While the one can point exultingly to Musedora, Minstrel, Curculia, Sthreshley, Greydoc, and a host too tedious to mention, the other can boast of a Grey Eagle, a Tarlton, a Ralph, a Red Head, and a Mercer, so it is hard telling "who is who." What the one loses in dancing, the other makes up in turning round. But to the "Gold Stake." I would like to go my friend A. D. H., of Lexington, a beaver (one of St. John's best) on the result. I will take from 36 to 70, inclusive, and give him from 1 to 35 inclusive.

Why can't the Old Dominion get up a two mile race, $2000 entrance, P. P., to name at the starting post, this Fall, free for all ages. The Queen, Portsmouth, Balie Peyton, and Hornblower, I suppose, would certainly go in it, while HARE would, in all probability, put in Willis or Job, the Old Napoleon either Wonder, Rocker, or Fordham; or who knows but that old *White-nose* himself will go in? Start the thing. It would be the most interesting race, because the most doubtful one, that could be got up. Has Mr. Puckett obtained the Washington Course? If he has, let him start the thing, and it will take like wild-fire. *Who's afeard?* Truly yours, N.

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM THE WEST INDIES!

ST. JUAN, (Porto Rico), June 20, 1839.

Dear P.—May *your* shadow never be less: would, O friend of my soul, that I, too, could humbug myself into the belief that my corporeal substance was of the same dimensions as when last I saw thee; but what with the misery of the voyage and the heat of this infernal place (which an acquaintance of mine elegantly designates the Devil's drawing-room), I find myself growing "fine by degrees, and beautifully less," until at last I am afraid, like the far-famed Peter Schemmel, I shall be left without any shadow at all; as it is, whenever I do catch a glimpse of it, I cannot help being struck by its extraordinary resemblance to a perambulating gas lamp. We arrived here after a very delightful passage (as far as weather was concerned) of 21 days; the wind light, and the voyage, like all other voyages, monotonous enough. The only sporting achievement which I have performed since my departure from your hospitable shores, was the capture of an unfortunate porpoise, concerning the manner of which I will forthwith proceed to enlighten your innocent understanding.

At 11, A. M., on Sunday the 2d of June, in lat. 33 16, long. 69 45, Bermuda S.S.E., distant 110 miles, (you see I like to be particular as it shows attention to facts) I was seated in the cabin pensively occupied in discussing a cigar and ruminating on the instability of human affairs over a tumbler of brandy and water, when I was roused from my meditations by the voice of the Captain, who was hailing the steward to know what he had done with the harpoon?—Something was in the wind! I emptied the last drop in my glass, stuck my shocking *bad* hat upon my head, and rushed up the companion-way with desperate determination. A single glance explained the cause of the disturbance. Gambolling round the bows, and throwing themselves completely out of the water, were a shoal of fifteen or twenty porpoises. "You have just come up in time to see me strike a porpoise," said the Captain, as I made my appearance on deck; but alas, vain are the calculations of man; the harpoon was scarcely fitted on the staff and some twenty fathom of stout line bent on, when, as if conscious of the warlike demonstrations that we were making against them, the cunning dogs turned one farewell somerset, and took their departure. Vainly did we utter curses, not loud, but deep, upon them and their whole race, and *consign their visual organs to eternal perdition*; it was evident they were wide awake. The Captain relinquished the harpoon and betook himself to his seat on the taffrail, while I, having possessed myself of his weapon, and coiled up the line ready for use, perched myself upon the bowsprit and brooded over my revenge.

Now, in order to throw a little more light on my story; you must know then that the individual honored by the cognomen of "steward," who acted also in the capacity of cook, and was then employed in the galley in preparing dinner which we generally sat down to at the patriarchal hour of twelve, was a negro who had scarcely ever been out of sight of land before, and consequently watched the preparations for action with no little interest. Twenty minutes had probably elapsed, and I was leaning back more than half asleep, when a sudden splash startled me, and then, oh powers of impudence! there, almost within touch of the harpoon, at my very feet, were the doomed porpoises.—They vanished like a flight of arrows, but the sight inspired me; I was upon my legs in an instant, and, waiting for their return, I saw the green back of one fellow make its appearance coming straight towards me: he passed directly beneath; the iron whirled from my hand and cleft the water within a hair's breadth of him; but, by the immortal gods! he was untouched. I was occupied hauling in my harpoon when the steward made his appearance with a broad grin upon his shining countenance, and commenced coiling away the line for me ready for another throw, the other end being attached to the fore-rigging. He had scarcely finished, when I observed three fish coming; I called to him to stand clear, but he probably did not quite understand my meaning; indeed, he had not much time for reflection, as the harpoon was in the air when I spoke; and this time I was more successful—it was buried half way to the socket in the back of the nearest fish. Hurrah! I exclaimed, as I sprang down upon the deck to lend a hand in hauling him on board; but my shout of triumph was answered but by a bellow from the unhappy steward; his leg had become entangled in the line; and lucky was it for him that it was near the end, so that the fish had run out almost the whole before taking a pull upon him; there he stood, both hands grasping the anchor stock, his foot drawn to the edge of the bulwarks, crying for help, and at every fresh struggle of the porpoise uttering an extra shout. The fellow's attitude was so perfectly ridiculous that it was impossible to resist laughing; and as I never attempt to resist any thing of the kind, I gave vent to my amusement in a loud roar, which must have proved highly consolatory to his feelings. In the meantime the Captain had come up; the vessel was luffed up to stop her way through the water and prevent the iron from tearing out, which it is apt to do if you are under a press of sail. As soon as the porpoise, which was astern, felt the line slacken, he started towards the bows, and we had then no difficulty in releasing Mr. steward; he examined his leg very carefully, and I believe it took some time to satisfy him that he would not be lame for life; in fact, nothing but his having on a good stout pair of cowhide boots saved him from a lasting mark of his fishy friend's regard. We drew our prize to the side after giving him two or three turns to tire him, and passing a bowling knot over his tail, hoisted him upon deck, where the mate proceeded forthwith to butcher him after the most approved fashion, while I, perfectly satisfied with my morning's sport, retired to the cabin, and at dinner regaled myself with some indescribable portion of his interior, which among the Hottentots and Esquimaux might pass muster very well. I have written you a most unconscionably long letter, and therefore "*will not trespass longer on your valuable time.*"

Yours, &c., W. M.

P.S. I think, young gentleman, if you do not attend to my private affairs after this, you deserve to be keelhauled; and I enclose a document which you may either put in the post or deliver, as it suits you. You shall perhaps (if you behave yourself especially well) hear from me again. He of "The Corsair" is bound to explain all nautical terms!!!

NOTA BENE.—*Devilish pretty girls in these parts!*

I can tell you what, my young friend, the feast of St. Juan comes off in a few days, and we are to have racing and ALL KINDS OF FUN. Go it, while you're young! Yours, very truly, W. M.

NOTE.—All stops are superfluous.

NOTE 2.—Though a porpoise is *very like a whale*, this must not be considered by any means *a fish story*.

REMINISCENCES OF HIS VISIT TO THE EAST,

BY KURNEL WHETSTONE.

The fever and ague thick, and no Sappington's Pills—The Kurnel's new Rifle—Travelling at the North—Col. Johnson and his Stable—Old Reality—Arthur Taylor—Willis—Gil. Patrick—Craig—Mr. McCargo—Mr. Hare—Old Charles—Mr. Van Mater—Mr. Livingston—The Messrs. Stevens—The Kurnel's Movements—Lawyer McCampbell.

UP IN OLD VIRGINNY, July 2d, 1839.

My dear Jim,—I suppose you think it is time I was writing you, but the truth is, I have been tolerably flat on my back ever since I went to York, where I caught them confounded chills, and, would you think it, there aint the first box of Doctor Sappington's pills in that great big city. But, thank God, I am rising like smoke from a *tar-kill*, though I have nigh on to as bad a cough as you had arter you lay out in the swamps.

I reckon your mouth will water when you see my rifle—fifty balls to the pound, and a little the slickest finished gun you ever did see. I am going to New York agin before I start for the Devil's Fork, and maybe I'll shell out one for you.

You don't know how fast they travel here; it is the rise of two hundred miles from Washington to New York, and they go it in a day just like nothing.

Well, I suppose you want to hear something about the men I have seen; I'll jist begin at Col. JOHNSON's stable; he is the greatest man of them all. He out-generals them to death, and if he has anything like as good a horse as the balance, he is certain to *rake down the corn*. He is a middle-sized man, with a head as white as snow, with a very manly, handsome face, very much like that officer we saw arter the Black Hawk war (General ATKINSON), and then he is so kind and polite.—"Kurnel Whetstone," says he, "I won't forgive you if you don't come and see me and eat fried chickens, and take a glass of old rye with me." I told him I'd go, or bust a trace trying.

Says I, "Colonel, which was the best 4 mile nag you ever trained?" "*Old Reality*," says he, and then he told me ARTHUR was the best rider he ever saw; for, says he, "Kurnel, he rode every horse in the race, and could always tell after a heat how the thing was going." Everything jist works like the wheel of a clock about the Colonel's stable. Arthur is a mighty quiet sort of a man, but he is as honest as the day is long, and as wide awake as the next. WILLIS is the chap what used to ride all the big races: he rode Bascombe the time the Southern chaps filled their pockets. He trains now, being most too big to ride, though he can ride 120 lbs. GIL. PATRICK is the rider of Boston, and sich a rider you don't often see; he sets like as if he was fastened to his horse with a sticking plaster. He is a Dutch boy, with a good-natured face, and is as quiet as old Arthur: and can ride a 4 yr. old and up, although he is about 22. He was raised on Long Island, and to show he *is cut the right way of the leather*, he supports his mother. The 3 yr. old rider is CRAIG. He is a broth of a boy, and will make a buster some of these times, *though he don't talk quite enough to suit Arthur*. The *tall man* ("York's tall son") what prints the "Spirit" told me he was going to try and get a likeness of the OLD NAPOLEON, and have it engraved for his paper—he ought to do it.

I liked BILLY MCCARGO mighty well. He is the man what chased Boston so hard with Charles Carter and Duane. I reckon if he had chased him first with Duane, and then Charles Carter, maybe he would have caught him, though old Boston aint easy caught. Billy looks mightily like the backwoods, for he whiffs away out of an old cane pipe. He is a mighty friendly man.

OTWAY P. HARE is a crowder. He is a little feller, with the keenest black eye you ever did see; he is always full of fun, and no matter whether he is plaguing a body about the *tick-Doly-rue*, or laughing at "the Epsom rider" that was engaged for *Job*, he is the same Otway P. Hare. Old CHARLES trains for him, and I reckon with Willis and Job they will make the fur fly this Fall.

JOSEPH H. VAN MATER, or "*Old Joe H.*" as they call him in the Jarseys, had a long way the best string of horses I saw. Why, at Trenton, he pulled in the truck seven times out of eight. He aint *nervy* enough to win much money, but then the Jersey boys piled up their 5's on him with a looseness, and I expect they made the biggest haul they ever made in their lives. If the *Blowing horn* starts, and "old Jo H." says he is right, why you may jist waggon off with the State.

The nicest man I saw was WALTER LIVINGSTON; he is always so kind and polite, "like a Fine Old English Gentleman all of the Olden Time," and jist looks like that gentleman that lawyer McCampbell told us about the night we killed the old *he* on the Dry Fork. Now, if you fancied a horse he had, and was to offer him $500 for him, and he thought the horse only worth a $100, why you couldn't persuade him to take more than the $100. He raised Job, and everybody seemed glad that Job won, *excepting them what lost on Fordham*. The stuff he was made out of is gitting mighty scarce.

I saw Mr. JOHN C. STEVENS and Mr. ROBERT L. STEVENS, but I didn't get the swing of them somehow, as they were a little busier than a man buttoning up in a hurry; they employ in some way or other nearly 1500 men. The former is all the time fixing his sail boat—I believe they call it a *yot*; when it is done he is going to England, to sail against anything that swims the waters. When it comes to steamboats and locomotives, why Robert Stevens can take the corn.

Well, I'd best begin to tell you now about my own movements. In August I am going to *the* White Sulphur, and then to the Devil's Fork. I am gitting mighty anxious to be with you. I want to see lawyer McCampbell, and sister Sal and the boy. Tell the lawyer I bought the books for him, and I fixed his land for him; I can jist tell you that the Commissioner of the General Land Office is a rale chartered fellow; he is the cleverest democrat what holds office in the Federal city. Well, so the court giv it in favor of the old directory; that is a great thing for Arkansas. I hear there was to be a little gunpowder burnt on the strength of it, but I hope not, for it is a heap better to burn it gin a bear than agin a human being.

I aint had the first letter from the lawyer; just tell him "he can take his own time, but I'll only give him till Friday," as Col. MCCARTY said to the fellow what owed him a thousand.

My paper is most gin out, and I am weak as a fawn; so good bye; my love to the lawyer, sister Sal, and Jim Cole. Kiss the boy. What is Dan Looney driving at? Who runs for the Senate, Luke, or Johnny, or *Flax mane and tail?*

To JIM COLE, Esq., No more, but yours,
Kinderhook, Devil's Fork, Arks. PETE WHETSTONE.

P.S. I havn't seen "Boots," nor "Larkin," or the "Athletics." P. W.

FLORENCE RACES.

April, 1839.

BY AN ENGLISH TURFITE IN ITALY.

"Away! away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind;
We speed like meteors through the sky."

Mazeppa.

Summoned on the morning of the third of April to Gasperini's. All the directors in high conclave—Thellusson, Celani, Augustus Valabregue, and the father of the turf, and prompter of the sports, Piero Dini!!! A prolonged discussion on the impropriety of permitting any person to start more than one horse for the Arno Plate, and, on the absurdity of dividing the entries into sections.

"With which horse of Lowenberg's," said Thellusson to me, "do you declare to win the Arno, as Wimple is in the first section, and Tom in the second?"

"With Tom," I replied, "but, should Wimple win the first section, and Tom lose the second, Wimple may beat the victor of Tom, which will floor all the betting coves, and place me in an awkward position! The same thing may also happen to Poniatowski, who has Antrim in the first heat, and Cyrus in the second section; so the impolicy of subdividing the entries to the Arno into classes, must be evident to every one."

"But more than seven horses cannot start abreast from the narrowness of the course," argued Piero Dini.

"Then let them run heats," said I. "The odds are great, that the field be not so strong for the second heat as for the first; and yet greater against the same nag getting a bad start in both heats. Moreover, you increase the sport, have a larger field, and a more brilliant race by this alteration, and the abolition of sections. Have heats also, for the future, for both the Italian Stakes, for there is no object in favoring Maremma brutes not worth a twenty-pound note each, at an average, with a Prendergast, or a Clearwell Course.

Interrupted by the entrance of Charles Poniatowski, who, in answer to Thellusson, declared to win with Cyrus, and curiously enough the event turned out as I predicted it might; for Antrim won the first section, Cyrus lost the second, and Antrim won the deciding race, making the layers of odds wear faces as long, or longer than their wagers.

Capital was glorious old Gas's *dejeuner à la fourchette*, and ample justice did we famished sportsmen do to it. Another hour in proposing alterations and amendments, which, if adopted, will give two days of racing at each meeting, with three plates for each day, exclusive of all matches and sweepstakes, and a tradesmen's purse, which, I trust, may be also forthcoming.

Off to the Cascina started Poniatowski's drag. Charles and the singing bird, Juliani, in the hold; and Joseph, two or three swells, and self, on the roof. Weather threatening and gloomy—a panoply of clouds hanging like a funeral pall over the heights of Fiesole—and a wreath of mists enshrouding valley and mountain. Yet, in defiance of the angry skies, and impending tempest, a goodly assemblage of beauty and fashion graced the Cascina; and the road by the side of the course was thronged with gay and glittering equipages, wherein reclined the children of gentleness, softness, and love. "Many and beautiful"—the gazelle-eyed Zappi—the Bartolini—the Di Bagno—"Florence personified"—the Poniatowski—the Ricci—the Genori—the Adduini—with eyes

"Black as death, and lashes of the same hue,"—

the Azzolino—the Lajatico—the Incontri—and many others of loveliness as rich, for any of whom

"——— would the truly wise,
Anticipate the prophet's Paradise."

All the arrangements were admirable. The election of Augustus Valabregue to the Judge's chair, gave universal satisfaction. Piero Dini started the cripples—and Celani gallopped, Mazeppa-like, in each and every race to the corner, to see that nor crossing, nor jostling, nor aught unfair occurred! Potoski, the Poniatowski's, Bautte, Gasperini, and other turfites, or fluttered around the weighing chair, or chaffed about the forthcoming contest, or were seen in converse deep with their jocks and trainers, with brows as thoughtful and portentous as if *the fate of empires*, and not of *crowns*, on the event depended.

WEDNESDAY, April 3.

The *Cascina Stakes* of 100 Francesconi, given by the Jockey Club for horses bred in Tuscany. Once round. 3 yrs. 120lbs., 4 yrs. 149lbs., 5 yrs. 157lbs., 6 and aged 164lbs. Mares and geldings allowed 5lbs.

Prince Charles Poniatowski's gr. m. *Sinclope*, aged	1
Signor Vincentelli's gr. h. Sargentino, aged	2
Signor Frassinesi's b. h. Capriolo, aged	3
Signor Pellegrini's b. c. Galletto, 3 yrs	4

Sinclope and Sargentino leapt off together, and struggled neck to neck, and head to head, from the start to the finish, the mare winning by less than half a length in the last few strides. 3 to 1 on her against the field.

The *Arno Stakes* of 200 Francesconi, given by the Jockey Club, for thorough-bred horses of all ages. 3 yrs. 135lbs., 4 yrs. 168lbs., 5 yrs. 178lbs., and 6 and aged 186lbs. Mares and geldings allowed 5lbs. Once round. Divided into two classes.

Class 1.

Prince Joseph Poniatowski's b. g. *Antrim*, by Lapwing, out of Amber, 3 yrs	1
Baron Lowenberg's b. f. Wimple, by The Colonel, 3 yrs	2
Count Potoski's b. m. Agelie, by Rowlston, out of Hebe, aged	3
Mad. Napoleon Camereta's b. h. Wingfield, 6 yrs	dr

For this race three strangers to Florence came to the post. Agelie, a clever mare, but deficient in strength and muscle. Antrim, a powerful colt, with lots of length and good racing points about him—and Wimple, late the Duke of Richmond's, and too well known as a bad third rate in England to claim a remark. Antrim, who was the favorite, went off at the score, made severe running, was never headed, and won by seven or eight lengths.

And now arrived the grand Duke on the wings of the storm—*id est*, His Royal Highness and the rain came together; and the pomp attendant on sovereignty, the waving of plumes and feathers, and glittering of gold and diamonds, and rustling of robes of velvet and fine linen, were parodied by the unfurling of umbrellas, and a general display of pea-jackets, Macintoshes, and upper Benjamins.

Second Class of the Arno Stakes.

Sig. Gasperini's b. f. *Rivulet*, by Brutandorf, out of Streamlet, 3 yrs	1
Prince Poniatowski's b. h. Cyrus, by Camel, aged	0
Baron Lowenberg's b. g. Tom (br. to Rob Roy), aged	0
Sig. Collini's b. h. Arabo, aged	4

Tom was backed against the field, from the recollection of his exploits in the Autumn; and Cyrus had also many friends, from the superiority of his condition, and the fine form in which his trainer, John Hawkins, brought him to the post. Neither Arabo nor Gasperini's filly were mentioned in the betting, nor backed for a farthing. Some little delay, occasioned by two false starts. At the third attempt, Arabo and Tom went away at score, but the former soon cut it, and Cyrus crept up, challenged Tom, and a slashing struggle between the two ensued, up to the Grand Duke's stand, where Rivulet, who had hitherto lain wide of the field, shot by them, to every one's astonishment, and went in a clever winner, admirably ridden by Gas's Italian Lal Gigi, who added fresh laurels to the many that he has already borne away triumphantly for his kind and liberal master.

A *Hurdle Race* of ten Louis each, for horses not thorough-bred. 180lbs. each. Twice round, and four leaps.

Sig. Bautte's br. g. *Tom*	1
Prince Poniatowski's gr. g. Favorite	2
Count Potoski's ch. g. Hard Heart	3
Mr. Huband's b. g. Rob Roy	4

This was the first and will be the last hurdle race ever seen at Florence; and the intense interest, admiration, and amazement that it excited, were indescribable, and must remain undescribed for I can't do justice to the theme. A gathering together of the unwashed, concentrated at one point, and even the fairest and noblest daughters of the land, descended from their carriages, and, in defiance of the rain stationed themselves opposite to a Jack-in-the-green sort of barrier, formed of stakes and laurels, elegantly entwined together, and thrown across the course where the two points meet; and, indeed, the all-green curiosity of evergreens was worthy of inspection, and Piero Dini, the ingenious deviser of the same, merited that all the laurels he brought to the course should be entwined around his own brows.

Rob Roy was the favorite against the field, and Madame Camerata and others, who fancied it a certainty, dropped their tin to a pretty jingling tune. All the four cleared the first fence cleverly: at the second, Rob Roy shyed away from fair *Flora's floorer*, and fell over the rails, bringing Potoski's nag to the ground with him. Over and over went the horses and riders, to the indescribable consternation of the cluster of yokels, among whom they were precipitated, and who dispersed with prodigious rapidity in every direction, imagining, in the extremity of their terror, that Lucifer and Beelzebub, in the similitude of wild horses, and bestridden by two Bedlamitish fiends, had descended among them.

The two jocks picked up themselves and their horses, leapt again into the course, cleared the fatal hurdle, and with the speed of the wind, made all sail after Tom and Favorite; but, alas! their light, like that in the lamps of the unwise virgins, was quenched, and nought but a refusal on the part of the two wiser virgins, to face their laurels, could have given them a chance of success.

The Winners of the two Classes of the Arno Stakes.

Prince Joseph Poniatowski's *Antrim*	1
Signor Gasperini's b. f. Rivulet, by Brutandorf	2

Two to 1 against the colt, who rattled away at his fastest, cut the filly down by the severity of his pace, and had it all his own way.

Prize of 100 Francesconi, given by the Jockey Club, for Tuscan bred horses, 3 yrs. 120lbs., 4 yrs. 149lbs. Once round.

Count Gherardesca's gr. c. *Spiritoso*, 4 yrs	1
Signor Marriotti's gr. f. Armena, 3 yrs	2
Signor Pellegrini's b. c. Galletto, 3 yrs	3
Signor Parigi's b. f. Isabella, 3 yrs	4

For this race four screwy looking jades came to the post; and their jocks, evidently impressed with the idea that the first off would be the first in, went away in a body at such a pace, that there were bellows to mend before they had gone half the distance. They tailed in like a string of wild geese, one after the other, the leader of the flight being, of course, the best conditioned nag, a certain Spiritoso out of Gasperini's stables, who rivals the Scotts in this department, as he does Hobson in carriage building, and Fenton, in the management of his good hostelry, the Pelican.

MONDAY, April 8.

The second day's races were originally fixed for Saturday, but an earthquake, which, on Friday, made us all quake, was backed up by such a deluge of rain, that little pools of water stood upon the course, and it was decided by the Committee, *nem. diss.*, that the sports should be postponed for some forty-eight hours; and, as luck would have it, the wind that swept over the earth, when the ark of Noah rested upon the mountains of Ararat, befriended his descendants in these days; and the waters passed away from off the course, and the terrors of the earthquake from our minds.

Match for 10 Sequins each. Twice round.

Signor Gasperini's gr. c. *Spiritoso*, 4 yrs., 130lbs	1
Signor Pellegrini's b. c. Galletto, 3 yrs., 120lbs	2

Too ridiculous an affair to need a comment. Spiritoso won in a hand canter by half a dozen lengths, taking the shine pretty handsomely out of Galletto and Signor Pellegrini, who is butler to Lady Augusta Fox, and must have dropped at least half a year's salary by his absurd ambition of attempting to figure as a turfite.

Match for 10 Louis each. Twice round.

Prince Joseph Poniatowski's *Antrim*, 165lbs	1
Baron Lowenberg's Tom, 175lbs	2

Won very easily. 2 to 1 on the colt.

Match for 20 Louis each. Once round. 180lbs. each.

Baron Lowenberg's b. f. *Wimple*, 3 yrs	1
Marquess Balbi's b. g. Cragmiller, aged	2

Cragmiller made all the running at his best pace, but cut it a quarter of a mile from home, and bolted, leaving the mare to go in by herself. 3 to 1 on the mare, but takers exceedingly shy, even at those odds, from the notorious badness of the gelding.

Sweepstakes of 10 Louis each. Once round. 180lbs. each.

Count Walemski's b. g. *Tom*	1
Count Potoski's ch. g. Hard Heart	2
Prince J. Poniatowski's gr. g. Favorite	dr

Won in a canter. 2 to 1 on the winner.

Another hurdle race had been made up for to-day, with additional leaps and extras; but an enlightened philanthropist, who shall be nameless, represented to the police the extreme peril and danger incurred, not only by the English jockeys in *voltigeant* over fences of such immense altitude, but also the risk that the Grand Duke's true and liege subjects ran, of being precipitated into an untimely grave, by the kick of an infuriated Pegasus, who might bolt over the stakes; and the benevolent petitioner concluded by petitioning that a surgeon of celebrity might be in attendance, to set the broken limbs, and to succour the maimed and wounded.

Terrified out of their senses at these portentious tidings, the chefs of the police demanded an audience of the Prime Minister, and the Prime Minister, unwilling to incur so tremendous a responsibility, as having the blood of the slain on his own head, prohibited the sanguinary exhibition from taking place!

Sporting Review for June.

Varieties.

When a ball takes place at Buckingham Palace, her Majesty, in the morning intimates to her Equerry in Waiting those of the nobility it is her Majesty's intention to honor in the different quadrilles. It was on a recent occasion that a noble Lord, the younger son of a noble Marquis, whose family have an especial attachment to place, when sought, was *non est*. The young lordling cannot wonder that at the next ball the invitation should have been "*non est*."

Morning Post.

It is a singular proof of how little idea can be formed of the public taste, that Ivanoff originally refused to sing the much admired barcarole, "Or che in cielo," thinking it too trumpery. That it has made his fortune need scarcely be added.

There is not the slightest foundation for the report that a Noble Earl lost £36,000 at Epsom. We will be bound to say that no one individual lost above a tenth part of that sum, a more innocent Derby not having come off these ten years.

Morning Post.

Mr. Ridsdale is said to have won near forty thousand pounds by the Derby. A thousand to fifteen were given freely, with the full certainty of pocketing the smaller sum, and very little expectation of having to "fork out" the larger one.

London Era.

Prince Esterhazy, the Austrian Ambassador at the British Court, is said to have gained the large prize of 120,000 florins in the last drawing for the redemption of the loan contracted by himself. The Prince is further stated to have devoted the sum to a pension fund, for the widows and orphans of the employés upon his extensive estates in Hungary.

Curious Coincidence.—It is worthy of remark, that on Wednesday, the 8th of May, the four Courts comprising the quadruple alliance, viz.: England, France, Portugal, and Spain, were without a real and *bona fide* ministry. Lord Melbourne and his colleagues having just resigned, the King of the French having failed in his attempts to form any other than a provisional cabinet, the Spanish ministers having resigned a few days before, and the cabinet of Portugal being merely provisional and *pro tempore*.

The Wheel Rifle.—A gun invented and patented by Mr. Wilkinson, of Pall Mall. Its novelty consists of a wheel, containing seven complete charges, revolving on a centre, which, when discharged can be replaced in an instant by other wheels carried in the belt, so as to keep up a continuous firing. As rapidly as the command, "load, cock, and fire," can be uttered, can this rifle be discharged, several hundred times, without missing fire, or requiring to be cleansed.

Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart., has sent a fourth donation of 100*l.* to the Royal Naval School, through the editor of the *Naval and Military Gazette*. The gallant admiral, who is in his 81st year, thus concludes the characteristic epistle which accompanies his munificent subscription:—"Fearful I may suddenly 'slip my wind,' and in the hurry of departure forget to order my bankers to set aside 100*l.* for the Naval School, which has always had my fervent prayers for its success, I herewith send the necessary document."

The Queen and Lady Peel.—Many stories have been told about the recent ball given by the Queen. We have heard the following from an eye-witness—namely that her Majesty made a point of giving a most cordial shake of the hand to Lady Peel, as if anxious to prove that her political sentiments did not interfere with her private feelings. We mention this little incident, first, as an amiable trait in her Majesty's character; and, secondly, as an example generally to the ladies of the United Kingdom, who have lately allowed politics to obtain much too great an influence over them, even to the embittering of private life, the poisoning of friendship, and the souri g of the very best feelings of the human heart.

The King of Prussia, as the *Frankfort Journal* states, although now nearly seventy, appeared on horseback on the 24th ult., at the spring reviews, in excellent health and spirits.

The Pacha of Egypt has just sent several rare animals, including a remarkably fine tame lion, as presents to the French Government, for the menagerie in the Garden of Plants.

The heir apparent to the Turkish throne was to leave the harem of his mother on the 15th ult., and to assume a regular establishment of his own. This was considered in Constantinople the greatest innovation on ancient customs which the Sultan had yet attempted. The young Prince in question is called Abdul Medjid, and completed his 16th year on the 20th of April. The Sultan has another son living, Abdul Aziz, now in his 10th year, and four daughters.

Examiner.

Elopement.—A considerable sensation has been occasioned in the neighborhood of Edgware-road, by the elopement of the young and beautiful wife of a gentleman of fortune, with a person of some notoriety, from his having been engaged in what is called "affairs of honor." Mr. —— is a half-pay officer, and was only known to the lady six weeks. The injured husband left town about a fortnight since, accompanied by a friend for the Continent, where it is presumed the fugitives have gone.

Age, June 9.

Rifle Shooting.—On Thursday last, the members of the Acrotormentarian Society of Riflemen assembled at Chalk Farm to contend for the monthly prizes of the society. The first a splendid gold medal, was shot for as follows:—6 shots from the shoulder and 6 shots from the rest at 250 yards, 6 shots from the shoulder at 200 yards, and 6 shots from the shoulder at 150 yards, making 24 shots for each gent to fire; won by Mr. W. Moore, hitting 22 out of 24 shots, including 7 bull's eyes; after which a handsome silver medal, presented by Capt. Barber Beaumont, was shot for, 12 shots each from the shoulder at 200 yards, and won by Mr. Singtree, hitting all his 12 shots, including 3 bull's eyes. To finish the day's amusement, a sweepstakes was shot for at the same distance, which was won by Mr. Singtree hitting all his shots. Mr. Singtree for the first time shot with a two groove rifle, made by Mr. W. Moore of the Edgeware Road.

London Sunday Times.

We understand that on his recent departure from London his Excellency Rechid Pacha, the Ottoman Minister, presented to Miss Pardoe, the well-known author of "The City of the Sultan," a farewell gift of the most costly perfumes, antiques, amulets, and other eastern *objets* of luxury, tastefully arranged in a handkerchief of pink gauze, and tied with party-colored ribbons. It will be remembered that this eminent oriental statesman was particularly mentioned in Miss Pardoe's work.

Steamers from the Clyde to New York.—A joint stock company is now forming in Glasgow, for carrying passengers and merchandize between the Clyde and New York, by means of an iron steamship of great power and capacity, to sail at the rate of at least sixteen miles an hour, thereby making the passage in about ten days, and enabling their vessel to make nearly a monthly voyage to America. The capital is to be fifty thousand pounds. Glasgow Chronicle.

The Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia.—His Imperial Highness, ere his departure from Mivart's, gave a farewell *dejeuné* to his numerous friends and acquaintance. When the meal was finished, his Highness commenced the foreign custom of saluting his guests on each side of the face. We were not a little amused to observe more than one "Old English Gentleman" slink out of the room, fearing that his turn might come next. Habit is stranger than nature, and that we should lift up our hands and eyes because we see others adopt what they have been taught from infancy is right and correct is only one of a hundred proofs that we are constantly acting before we soundly think.

Sagacity of the Dog.—There used formerly to be as many dogs as men at the kirk of Twoidsmuir, Peebleshire, on account of the difficulty which the farmers and shepherds of that pastoral district had in preventing canine attendants from following them. The dogs in general behaved pretty well, and lay below the seats: still noisy quarrels among them sometimes took place, and on these occasions the minister had to order the beadle to turn out the disturbers of the peace; with these exceptions, they kept in tolerably good order till the congregation was going to disperse. From long attendance at church they knew when this breaking up was to take place. The signal for uproar was the rising of the minister in the pulpit to pronounce the blessing; as soon as he did so, they used to rush pell-mell to the door, barking and screeching for joy to be let loose, and therefore not a word could be heard. At length the minister, honest man, bethought himself of a plan to get quit of these disturbances. He told the members of the congregation that it would be better for them all to keep their seats till the parting benediction was over, and then they would rise and walk leisurely out. This was tried, and succeeded remarkably well. However, it happened one day that the minister of the parish was absent, and a stranger was in the pulpit, who, when he rose to pronounce the blessing after the last psalm, was surprised to see the congregation sitting, which is against all rule and custom. At last an old grey-haired shepherd called out to him—"Oh, just go on, Sir, go on; we are only sitting a wee bit, to cheat the dowgs, but when ye have done we'll all rise and go out quietly."

Singular Death of a Valuable Stallion.—A short time since as a very superior stallion, called Rocket, the property of Mr. John Nixon, of Hay, was passing under a doorway at Eardisley, Herefordshire, he drew back, and in doing so struck his head against a rough beam at the top. Litte notice was taken of the circumstance, as the injury was considered to be of a slight nature, and the animal travelled several miles the same day. He, however, became ill, and died on Tuesday se'nnight, a week after the accident occurred. The horse is stated to have been worth £400.—[This occurrence ought to operate as a caution to farriers to be very attentive to any injury that a horse may receive upon the head, a most delicate part of the body of that noble animal. Had Rocket been bled at the time of the accident, his life might probably have been preserved. The writer once saw an instance where a horse died in about a quarter of an hour from the effects of a blow inflicted by its rider with the butt-end of a whip upon the head.]

London Sunday Times.

A "Felony Ministry."—The recent attempt made to force the desk of the Russian Ambassador at Paris has caused much conversation in the political circles in that city, and is said to be a source of no small embarrassment to the Ministry. It is stated that M. de Palhen, instead of addressing himself to the Prefet de Police, whom probably this affair does not concern, applied for redress to the President of the Council, and requested to know if it was intended that the same comedy should be acted with him as with M. de Fubricious, a year ago. As the *thief* was so awkward as to mistake rooms, and force the secretary of M. de Pahlen's brother instead of his, the views of the person were not answered. In Bonaparte's time things were done in this manner, but they were done more adroitly. After the assassination of the Duc d'Enghein, the Premier Consul desired to know how M. d'Oubril, Chargé d'Affaires of Russia, had represented this affair to his Government. He ordered the head of his special police to possess himself of M. d'Oubril's papers by address, and not by force. A gendarme in plain clothes was sent to the Hotel de Hollande, where M. D'Oubril lodged, to make all due enquiries; and while M. D'Oubril was at the Opera, all his papers were taken. To give it more the appearance of a theft, several jewels, a beautiful clock, and two candelabras were taken, as well as the portfolio. As to M. d'Oubril, a gold snuff-box, enriched with diamonds, presented him by M. Talleyrand, bought his silence.

Age.

Threatened Retirement of a great Statesman.—There is much talk about M. Thiers's alleged determination to retire from political life, with which the ingratitude of Courts and parties has disgusted him. He has a grudge against the Court for having rejected him, against the diplomatic body for not having required him, and against the coalition for not having supported him. M. Thiers wants to return to Italy immediately after the session, in order to conclude the history of Florence, which, according to his friends, he and Machiavel could alone write. The history is sold beforehand for 300,000 francs, which is equivalent to a year's salary of our ambassador in London. Immediately after his pen is to be engaged in a history of the Consulate and Empire, for which Furne, the bookseller, is said to have offered him 500,000 francs, or five years of the salary of the President of the Council. It is affirmed that M. Thiers is more hurt at having been the dupe of his political friends, who had pledged themselves towards him by *oath* (for it is remarkable that M. Thiers still trusts in oaths), than at having failed in his ministerial contrivances. He has been heard to exclaim, in the bitterness of disappointment, "The wretches! I have for two years together faced for them all the perils of the tribune, I have got myself slain on the breach, and they have not even had spirit enough to bury me in the chair of the President of the Deputies!"

Paris print.

The Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia's marriage.—Several German papers have announced that the Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia has chosen for his spouse Princess Maximilienne-Wilhelmine-Auguste-Sophie-Marie, fourth child and only daughter of the reigning Grand Duke Louis II., of Hesse Darmstadt. This Princess was born on the 8th of August, 1824, and is, consequently, not fifteen years of age. She is very beautiful. The Princess has not yet abjured her faith (Lutheran), although this abjuration would facilitate the accomplishment of the conditions required for an alliance with the Imperial family of Russia.

Leipzic Universal Gazette.

Elopement.—Yesterday morning, at an early hour, a carriage, drawn by four spirited grey horses, was seen to issue from —— street, —— square, in this city, in which were seated a young lady of great personal attractions, and a gentleman wrapped in a military cloak, who, from his appearance, was the senior of his fair companion "by years not a few." Not the least suspicion was attached to the occurrence on the instant; but in about an hour afterwards, ——, Esq., brother to the fair fugitive, was heard making hurried inquiries in the neighborhood if such an equipage had been seen in the locality! On being informed in the affirmative, he was soon on the road in rapid pursuit. The "happy couple" had taken the Naas road, borne, not on the "wings of love," but by the before-mentioned four grey horses, at such a rate as to leave the pursuers more than "distanced" for the first ten miles. However, "the course of true love never did run smooth," and in the present instance Fortune was near "turning Turk" with the gallant son of Mars, for not being so well furnished with horses at the second stage, he was overtaken at —— by the brother of the lady, but she refused to be governed by any one except the "idol of her soul!" Her brother a young gentleman of sense and prudence, finding how matters stood, consented to the union of the lovers; nor could there, it is said, be any objection to the gallant lover of the "faire ladie," except lack of cash, a species of ingredient considered by modern philosophers as very necessary to constitute "conjugal happiness."

Dublin Register.

The Countess de Lipona, ex-Queen of Naples, died on the 10th ult., at Florence, in the arms of her brother, the Count de Montfort. The ex-Queen sunk under the same disease as destroyed her brother, the Emperor Napoleon, and their father—cancer in the stomach. She was delirious, with occasional lucid intervals, during the last fifteen hours. The two sons of the Countess de Lipona are in the United States, where they are practising as barristers, and their absence from her is said greatly to have increased the bitterness of her last moments. It will be remembered that last year the French Chambers voted an annual income of 100,000 francs to the Countess, as a compensatian for certain claims of property which she had come to Paris to support. The Countess was born the 26th March, 1782, and was therefore in her 58th year.

A Barcelona correspondent of the *Commerce* mentions the carrying off of twelve sons of wealthy families in that city by some unknown persons, similar to what was done to the sons of M. Gaviria at Madrid a short time since, with the view of extorting money for their ransoms. The chilren were at school, and had been allowed to take a walk outside the town, attended by a teacher, on the 15th ultimo, since which time nothing had been seen or heard of them up to the 18th; but no doubt existed that some brigands had carried the whole party off.

Agricultural.

BOURBON COUNTY (Ky.) AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

At the annual meeting of the Bourbon County Agricultural Society, at the Court House in Paris, on the 2d Saturday in June, the following persons were chosen officers for the present year:—

Capt Wm. P. Hume, *President*; Col. N. L. Lindsay, Maj. G. W. Williams, *Vice Presidents*; Stephen L. Garrard, Benjamin F. Bedford, M. D. Hume, Wm. Pierce, E. H. Parish, John Bedford, Sen., John Hutchraft, Jas. M. Cogswell, Jer. Duncan, Henry Towles, *Directors*; Mr. Tho. Y. Brent, *Treasurer*; Mr. Henry C. Hart, *Recording Secretary*; T. T. Thornton, Esq., *Corresponding Secretary*.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Society:—

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Society, an Agricultural and Geological survey of the state of Kentucky would redound greatly to the interest of the farmer, and that the legislature of the State ought to make appropriations for those objects.

Resolved, That the representatives for this county be requested to support such measures as may be introduced into the legislature to accomplish the objects aforesaid.

Resolved further, That T. T. Thornton, John King, and Jeremiah Duncan, Esqrs., be appointed and requested to attend the legislature next winter to promote the interests of Agriculture by recommending the passage of laws for such appropriations.

Resolved, That the contribution to be paid by the members of this society for the present year, be $2 each, instead of $5, as heretofore; and that those who are not members of the society pay $5 for the privilege of exhibiting stock or other articles at the fair as formerly.

Resolved further, That any person to be entitled to the privilege of membership in this society, at any fair, must become a member of the same on or before the first day of August next preceding such fair.

WOOL MARKET.

Mr. TUCKER—The time being at hand when at least fifteen millions of sheep in the Union are to be shorn of their fleeces, yielding an aggregate quantity of forty-five millions of pounds of wool, of which, at least half, if not two-thirds, of this amount will soon be thrown into the market, it is proper to look abroad and ascertain the prices which wools are commanding there, as well as the home market. I have before me an English paper, in which is published the market prices which Foreign Wools are bringing in London, to which is prefixed the following remarks:—

MONDAY, March 4th.

The sales of Foreign Wool which have taken place since our last, at which about 2000 bales have been offered, have gone off steadily, at full prices.

Electoral Saxony, from			100	cents to	114 cents.
First Austrian, Bohemian and other German Wools			73½	"	95 "
Second do do do			51	"	69 "
Inferior in locks and pieces			44	"	53 "
German Lamb's Wool			44	"	66 "
Hungarian			48	"	66 "
Leonera, Segovia, Soria, Cacaris,	Spanish Wools,		51	"	66 "
			40	"	66 "
			44	"	70 "
			48	"	66 "
German and Spanish Cross			44	"	70 "
Portugal			44	"	70 "
Australian			44	"	76 "
Down Tegs, Down Ewes, Leicester,	English Wools,		38	"	40 "
			31	"	33 "
			30	"	32½ "

My object in spreading the above before your readers, is principally with the view that they may see how much prices vary, in reference to *fine wools* in the English market, from our own. The above prices vary but a little, which the same description of wools sold for, at a corresponding period of last year. Now, sir, it is a fact, that a considerable amount of wool is produced in this country which is on a par, in regard to quality (but not cleanliness), with "first Austrian, Bohemian, and other German wools," which, it is seen, range from 73½ to 95 cents per pound; and yet, to my certain knowledge, the wool of one of the finest and purest Saxony flocks, kept in Duchess county, brought, in August last, only 65 cents per pound. Pray, why is it so? and pray, why has it *always* been so? Because the American manufacturers will not, and I have some reason to fear, never will, discriminate sufficiently between the medium and better qualities of wool; and the result is, an enormous profit to them on all their *fine* cloths, and a poor return to those who have expended much in improving their flocks, as well as the continued *extra* expense attending the keeping of them.

I am aware of the difference of the price of capital, labor, &c., in England, and our own country; but that difference is more than made up in the bounty to the American manufacturer, consisting of custom house duties, difference of exchange, and many other incidental charges upon importation of woollen fabrics, which would amount altogether to at least 50 per cent, if not more. But I have not time to dwell longer on this branch, nor go into such particulars as I could wish.

Happily for the wool growers, the prospect for obtaining fair prices this year is at present good. The writer is aware of a lot of wool which was sold about 60 days since for 60 cents per pound, the highest offer for which in September last, was only 50 cents; and another lot belonging to one of his near neighbors, which has been sold for 50 cents, which would not command last fall but 38 cents. A sale of 10,000 lbs, has been very recently made at Poughkeepsie, at from 50 to 58 cents; which I am informed, would not have brought in Sept last more than from 42 to 48 cents. My informant was formerly a wool grower in Duchess county, and from the fact, that all wools have materially advanced, I doubt not his information is authentic.

A sale of wool which transpired recently in Vermont, to the amount of 12,000 lbs., is going the rounds of the newspapers, the quality of which is represented to be *first rate*, and as being sold for 58 cents. Now this is calculated to deceive many. It may be first rate for Vermont, but it would not pass for that *here*, nor with any *live* manufacturer. Several really *first rate* lots of wool were purchased last year by the Middlesex Co., for which 70 cents was paid, and the same wool will command now, from 85 to 90 cents, being equal to electoral Saxony; this statement I can show in black and white, from *one who knows*. I am also aware of the sale of several other lots, grown in Duchess Co., for which 65 cents was paid; so that first rate Vermont wool, is not first rate elsewhere.

The time is coming—and so is doomsday, some of your readers will say—when manufacturers will be compelled to discriminate more than they have heretofore done. They have long been promising to do so, and it is really hoped that this year they will begin to toe the mark. The quantity of fine wool is evidently diminishing, which ought to be sufficient warning, to awaken them to their interest; otherwise, the time is brief when they will be obliged to resort to European markets to supply their wants.

This year, as usual, speculators will overflow with cock and bull stories; but I take the liberty to advise my brother wool growers to keep at least one ear shut, and one eye open; "nibble gloriously," but take care not to swallow the *first bait*. Cotton is bringing nearly double the prices of last year, and great and general prosperity prevails throughout our widely extended country; and the quantity of woollen fabrics which will be needed, will be immense. The cheering prospects of superabundant crops, if realized, will reduce the price of provisions, which will operate favorably to the manufacturer, and therefore, nothing is wanted in order that wool may bring its full value, but for the wool growers *to ask it*.

L.A.M.

LANSING, Tompkins county, N.Y. May 22.

ADDRESS TO THE CITIZENS OF KENTUCKY, ON THE SILK CULTURE.

At a meeting of the friends of the Silk Culture in Fayette county, held in Lexington on the 10th inst., a committee, of which the undersigned is Chairman, was appointed to address the citizens of Kentucky on the importance of establishing a State Silk Society, in order to introduce the business into our State in a proper manner, and under favorable circumstances.

In the discharge of this duty, the Committee deems it unnecessary to argue the question of the adaptation of our soil and climate to this business. The experiments which have been made in the State for some few years past, are too well known, to require more than a reference to them here, and the successful results of these experiments are too fully established to admit any longer of a doubt that we possess every physical and mental peculiarity necessary to the production of as good silk as can be raised in any other country. All, therefore, that seems to be required of the committee is, to show the comparative value of the silk business, and the necessity of voluntary combination successfully to introduce it.

The first duty, then, of the committee is to institute a comparison between the culture of silk and the staple productions of Kentucky, showing the advantage, if any, which the former possesses over the latter, in reference both to the land necessary to pursue each with the same force, and the profits arising from the employment of that force, for one year, in each separate pursuit.

Of the staple productions of Kentucky, *hemp* is now considered as affording the best remuneration to the husbandman for his land and labor; and if we can show that silk will more than double the profits of a hemp crop, with equal force and capital, we think we will have presented arguments sufficient to induce our fellow-citizens to engage in it, or at least to aid it by individual and legislative patronage.

The loose manner in which farm-books are kept, and, indeed, in most instances, the entire absence of any regular record of agricultural pursuits, render it exceedingly difficult to obtain authentic statistics of the hemp crop—but, from the best data in our possession, we conclude that three hands will produce and convey to market, in one year, off 51 acres of land, at the average rate of 7 cwt. an acre, 357 cwt., which, at $5 a hundred is worth $1785,00

From this deduct the interest of 51 acres of land worth $100 an acre, at 10 per centum per ann.	$510,00	
The labor of three hands 300 days, at $1 a day	900,00	
The labor of 2 horses 200 days, at 50 cents each a day	200,00	
The incidental expenses	22,00	–1632,00

Leaving a balance in favor of the cultivator of $153,00

which is $3 an acre, or fifty-one dollars a hand, clear profit, after all expenses of every kind are deducted. This to the individual who farms his own land with his own hands, is a very handsome income, and one which, could it be generally realized, should remove all repinings from the farmer's home.

But the profits of the silk business are greater than even these, which will be shown by the following estimate:—

One acre of Morus Multicaulis trees of two years standing, four feet apart each way, will yield foliage enough to produce one million of good cocoons in a season; and by extending the feeding season to one hundred days, (which we know to be practicable, from facts which have come under our own observation,) three hands can raise this number, and put it into sewing silk, or other equally valuable fabrics, ready for the market, in one year. One million of cocoons will readily produce 333⅓ pounds of silk, which, at the low price of $7 a pound, will be worth $2333,33⅓

From which deduct interest on one acre of land, worth $100, at 10 per cent. per annum	$ 10,00	
Do, on 27222 trees, at $1 each	272,20	
Do. on cocoonery, worth $200	200,00	
Do. on reels and wheels to make sewings, worth $27,80	27,80	
Cost of three hands 300 days, at $1 a day	900,00	
Incidental expenses	23,33⅓	–1433,33⅓

Leaving a balance in favor of the cultivator of $900,00

which is $900 an acre, or $300 a hand clear profits, after all expenses are deducted; being equivalent to 5 15-17 to 1, or 588 4-17 per cent. in favor of the silk business—without taking into consideration the additional 50 acres of land necessary to produce a hemp crop sufficient to occupy the same force for the same length of time! These profits will be much enlarged by manufacturing the silk into cloths of various kinds.

These calculations are made as favorable as possible to the hemp business, and as unfavorable to the silk business—for an acre can be stocked with trees for one-fourth the estimation given above, and a cocoonery of sufficient size can be built for less than half the value we have assigned it; besides, hands of half the worth of hemp hands, can perform all the operations of the silk business with perfect ease.

But lest our estimates should be deemed too extravagant to be sanctioned by facts, we will give the following statistical view of the profits of *one acre* in the hands of ten different cultivators, as collected from various authentic sources, which will show an average profit of *five hundred and sixteen dollars and eighty cents more than the estimate we have assumed*. But as figures speak facts in a voice that cannot be misunderstood, we will let the table tell its own story.

TABLE, *showing the products and profits of one acre in the silk culture, as proven by the cultivators.*

NAMES.	LBS. OF SILK.	PROFITS.
1. Count Dandolo,	198	$ 792,00
2. G. B Smith,	180	720,00
3. Mr. Bradley,	333	1332,00
4. De Hominique,	242	968,00
5. E. P. Roberts,	180	720,00
6. Mr. Genet,	666	2664,00
7. Mr. Lambuschina,	1296	5184,00
8. Baitiff Hons,	137	548,00
9. Mr. Pufts,	155	620,00
10. Mr. Fitch,	155	620,00
Total,	3542	$14,168,00
Average,	354 1-5	$1,416,00

These facts and documents show that the silk business is worthy the attention of not only the citizens of Kentucky, but of the United States, and our next duty is to prove the necessity and importance of voluntary association successfully to introduce it.

The first advantage of such combination is its favorable influence upon the business itself. The silk business is yet in its infancy in our country, and almost in embryo in our State; much knowledge, therefore, and many statistical facts must be obtained, before we shall be able successfully to compete with other nations, and claim our share of the rich rewards of honest industry in this occupation. This knowledge, and these facts, can be gained, with us, only by experiments, and these experiments can be made, and their results communicated in no better way than under the supervision of a State Silk Society. Without unity of object and concert of action in its friends, introduction or improvement of any business, in any country, must be slow and laborious: but with them, especially in our country, every obstacle to the successful introduction or improvement of that business will be speedily removed.

The second advantage of voluntary combination is that enjoyed by its members. "Two are better than one, (said the wise man), because they have a good reward for their labor; for if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow." This is no where truer than its application to associations of the kind for which we plead—for if by frequently meeting and comparing notes, each member makes the knowledge of the others his own, and the experience of all becomes the experience of each; surely "they have a good reward for their labor;" and if they do not help each other up, they at least, remove the stumbling stones out of the way, and thus prevent each other from falling. And besides, "in a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom," and the frequent conference of friends increaseth understanding.

The third and last advantage of such association, which we shall at present notice, is the benefits flowing to the community from it: by directing their attention to a business which will save the nation thirty millions of dollars annually; furnish the poor and needy with profitable employment, and give to the industrious an easy competence, without an overgrown landed estate.

This brief display of the advantages of the silk culture, and the necessity and importance of a State Silk Society, will, it is hoped, induce the citizens of every county in Kentucky to send at least one delegate to the Convention, to be held in Lexington on Monday, the 12th day of August next.

In behalf of the committee, S. R. JONES, *Chairman*.

Mulberry Cottage, Ky., June 17, 1839.

SALE OF DURHAM CATTLE.

The Durham cattle belonging to Messrs. Gratz and Cooper, in consequence of the death of the latter, were sold at auction, according to advertisement, near Lexington, Ky., on Thursday the 20th inst. They were all thorough bred; their pedigrees were published in No. 41 of this paper. The purchasers and prices are stated under.

MALES.

SUTTON, 2 years old, B. Gratz, $900.
DARIUS, 1 year old, W. Stanhope, $280.
CADMUS, sucking calf, Joel Higgins, $760.

FEMALES.

MANDANE, imported in 1830, Joel Higgins, $601.
VIRGINIA I, E. S. Washington, $630.
NANCY DAWSON, 12 years old, A McClure, $631.
CAMBRIA, 3 years old, G. W. Williams, $700.
JUNIATA, 3 years old, Joel Higgins, $861.
CHENOA, 3 years old, E. S. Washington, $446.
RACILLA, thorough bred cow not in catalogue, to R. Fisher, $1,050; in all 10 head for $6,859, being an average of $685,90. The animals were superior.

Franklin Farmer.

EXHIBITION OF BLOODED STOCK.

Agreeable to previous notice, we had in this place on Saturday the 11th inst., an exhibition of two year old colts.

Messrs. Joseph H. Egner, John W. Simons, and James Rutherford, were selected by those interested, to examine the colts, and award the premium. All things arranged to the satisfaction of those concerned, the following colts were brought out, viz:—

John Barnett's g. c. by Tom Fletcher, pedigree of dam unknown.
John Ringgold's ch. c. by Tom Fletcher, dam by Pacolet.
John Caldwell's ch. c. by Tom Fletcher, dam by Whip.
Isaac Robinson's ch. c. by Tom Fletcher, dam unknown.
William Seamon's ch. c. by Gunpowder, dam unknown.
A Dillingham's b. c. pedigree unknown.

The judges awarded the premium to Mr. John Caldwell.

Mr. T. T. Tunstall exhibited (but not as a competitor for the premium), his bay colt *Ben Desha*, by Tom Fletcher, dam by Stockholder.

We were much pleased with the exhibition, and had we been selected to award the premium, we know not to whom we should have given it. We believe that Mr. Caldwell's colt presented the most beautiful figure; but what Messrs. Robinson's and Barnett's colts lacked in beauty of form, they made up in strength of muscle. Messrs. Ringgold's, Seamon's, and Dillingham's colts, were not in so good keeping as the others; notwithstanding they showed the blood of a noble ancestry.

It was the most beautiful exhibition of colts that we ever beheld under similar circumstances—and we hope it will give impetus to the enterprise of our citizens in improving their stock.

We think that the energy and enterprise of our citizens would be greatly augmented by the formation of an Agricultural Society upon liberal principles. Such a society if properly conducted would unite the exertions of our citizens; and by this union of exertion they could accomplish much more than they could severally. We hope that measures may be taken to accomplish this object at an early day.

Batesville, (Ark.) News.

ENGLISH AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The first annual general meeting of this society was held yesterday afternoon, (May 22), at the society's office, 5 Cavendish-square. The objects for which the society has been established are to promote improvements in agriculture in every possible manner, by circulation of books, &c., the granting of rewards and prizes for discoveries of new implements of husbandry or modes of cultivation, and also to promote the welfare, the comfort, and education of those who depend on the cultivation of the soil for their support. The attendance was numerous and highly respectable. Among the members present we noticed the Duke of Richmond, Earl Spencer, and several members of the House of Commons. Earl Spencer, the president, having taken the chair, congratulated the meeting on the prosperous position of the society. Though in one year it could not have produced much practical benefit, yet it had laid a good foundation. It had already over 1100 members enrolled, it had invested a certain sum of money in the funds, and there was every reason to expect that it would do a great deal of good. The noble earl then proceeded to read the report of the proceedings of the society since its commencement. It had enrolled 1104 members—810 by subscriptions, 64 by donations, 158 governors for five years, and 72 governors for life. Since their last meeting they had expended £740 in prizes. They had offered 10 prizes for essays, which were to be adjudged before the July meeting in Oxford; for nine of these there were competitors, for all there were claimants. They had opened a correspondence with various continental agricultural societies. They were about to form a library, and had obtained from the Treasury the works which had been formerly used in the Board of Agriculture. As a knowledge of geology was evidently of great importance in agriculture, they were about to take a geological survey of a large tract of land in Kent. The receipts had been £5417, and the expenditure only £1221. They had already an annual income of £1683, but no less than £2000 a year would be sufficient. The report was adopted, and ordered to be printed and circulated. The Right Hon. the Duke of Richmond was elected President for the year ensuing. The other officers having been also appointed, and some routine business disposed of, the meeting separated.

In the course of the meeting, Earl Spencer read the following letter:—

"May 17, 1839.

"My Lord,—I am much flattered by the desire of any members of the English Agricultural Society that I should fill the office of President.

"If I were not quite ignorant of the art, and persuaded that I should be quite unable to render the society any service, I would, with much pleasure, undertake the duties of the office; but I hope that I shall be excused for declining, and entreat you to urge the members of the society to fix upon one to be their president more likely than I could be to promote their views.—I have the honor to be, my lord, your lordship's most obedient humble servant.

"To Earl Spencer." "WELLINGTON.

The society, the noble lord observed, would see, from that letter, that it was not from any absence, on the part of the Duke of Wellington, of a desire for the promotion of agriculture, he had declined to become the president; but because he was not practically acquainted with their objects.

LUSUS NATURÆ.—A cow belonging to Mr. Scott, of Blackhall Wood, calved, on Wednesday morning, a calf having two distinct heads, four ears, four eyes, and two necks, which united together to the body at the shoulder. It had also two distinct spines or back bones, which were united at the rump, but the tails branched off and were distinct, ten or twelve inches in length. It had four legs, which were all perfect—the belly and entrails were single, with one liver, and single lungs or lights, one gall and kidneys as in a perfect animal; but, what is singular, it had two stomachs and two hearts, proving that it must have had a double circulation. The calf was alive, but Mr. Graham, of Blackhall Wood, who extracted it with great skill, found it necessary to destroy its life to save that of the cow, and she is doing well. The skin of this singular *lusus naturæ* is being stuffed by Mr. Graham, and the skeleton will also be preserved.

Durham Advertiser.

AN OLD CALF.—On Thursday last, at Ayton (England) cattle-market, Mr. Hood sold a cow and a calf, bred by him, for the sum of £52. The calf was one year and four days old, was sucking the mother in the market, and was considered to weigh 42 stone!

SHEEP-BUYERS FROM RUSSIA.—Gen. Divoff, Chamberlain to the Grand Duke Michael, of Russia, is now on an agricultural tour through England, making in his journey purchases of stock of the most celebrated flock masters.

REMINISCENCES OF A BRITISH OFFICER IN EGYPT.

All this time it was proposed that we should endeavor to retire a little and take up a better position, if possible, to retreat towards the army; but upon a little reflection it was judged best not to attempt to move, as we had a great many men wounded lying in the centre of our square, who, had we moved, must have been left, and of course would have been instantly beheaded by our brutal enemies; we would also be obliged to leave our guns, as most of the horses were either killed or wounded, and also several of the men who were attached to the guns. In this predicament it was thought most advisable not to move, but endeavor to hold out until the army, or at least a reinforcement, should come to our assistance, which was anxiously looked for, and we had no doubt that we would be relieved from our present embarrassed situation in a very short time; but we were cruelly deceived. The enemy now returned to the attack with treble their former numbers, and with much more courage, as both their cavalry and infantry advanced much closer to us than they formerly did, but the latter still greatly under cover of the bushes. They now completely surrounded us, and advanced so close, and in such numbers, that our few skirmishers were obliged to fall back, and the enemy seemed as if determined, by a bold push, to break in upon us at once; however, they were kept at bay by a very brisk fire from us, which must have, at this time, proved destructive to them, as it could not miss taking effect from their being in such numbers. But as their force increased every moment, both infantry and cavalry (they had also by this time brought one of their great guns to bear upon us), and as they were advancing very close upon us, our men were falling very fast. About two hours after the defeat of our other detachments, seeing no appearance of any relief from our army, knowing that they must have retreated from before Rosetta, having many men killed and a great many wounded, and as we were also getting very short of ammunition, only a few rounds for the 6 pounders, and only half a cask of musket cartridges remaining, it was thought advisable by the commanding officer to send out a flag of truce (a handkerchief tied to a pike), which was scarcely fifty yards from us, when the enemy rushed in upon us from all quarters, with the most hideous yells, rejoicing at their success; and every one as he came up, laid hold of one, two, or more, and dragged us along to their post, about three miles off, where they rifled our pockets, and stripped us of every thing we had; they even took the jackets from many. About two hours after our arrival here, fourteen of us, all officers, were sent to a small boat, where we remained all night; the men were dispersed in different boats; some sent across the river, and a number sent off to Cairo with some of our officers: we were next day sent across the Nile under a guard, who, as soon as we landed, *obliged us to carry their cloaks*. In this manner we marched about four miles up by the side of the river, to a house where about two hundred of our men were confined, of whom upwards of fifty were wounded: here we were put into a small apartment, and had nothing but a little straw and some bread thrown to us. The smell was intolerable from the number of wounded men, and, to add to our distress, they had upwards of one hundred *heads* (those of our brother soldiers) piled immediately underneath our windows, which they made Arabs skin and stuff with straw; and in this manner they were sent with us to Cairo. Three men died of their wounds at this place; their heads were taken off, and their bodies thrown into the Nile. We remained here until the evening of the 24th, when the whole were put into five dgerms, and we proceeded to Cairo, where we arrived on the morning of the 29th. At this time we had nothing to eat but a little rice, some bread and onions, and nothing whatever to cover us from the dew at night. On the passage a Turkish soldier shot a poor Arab, because he refused to do something that he desired him: he was left there, and no further notice was taken of the matter. We had to expect exactly the same treatment. Upon our arrival at Cairo we were marched through all the principal streets, preceded by the *heads* of the men they had killed, carried on long poles.

United Service Journal.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Baltimore, Md.	Kendall Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Monday, 7th Oct.
Cincinnati, Ohio	Buckeye Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Sept.
Clinton, Ala.	Pactolus Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
Fort Smith, Arks.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
Greensboro', Ala.	Henry Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 29th Oct.
Louisville, Ky.	Oakland Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
" "	Great Sweepstakes of 10 subs., at $2000 each, h. ft., Four mile heats, on the last day of Sept., the 30th.
Livingston, Ala.	Picton Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th Oct.
" "	Match, $5000 aside, 2 m. h., *Czarina* vs. *Cleopatra*, 1st day.
Lynchburg, Va.	Lynchburg Course. J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Sept.
La Prairie, L. C.	Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 23d July.
Montreal, L. C.	Turf Club Meeting, St. Pierre Course, 3d Monday, 19th Aug.
Mobile, Ala.	Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 26th Nov.
New Orleans, La.	Eclipse Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
Pittsylvania C.H. Va.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 18th Sept.
Springfield, Ala.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.

BOAT RACE BETWEEN THE GLAUCUS AND MINSTREL.

Pittsburgh, Pa. July 3d, 1839.

Friend P.—I herewith send you an account of a boat race which came off on Saturday last at this place, for $100 aside, between the barges, *Glaucus* and *Minstrel*, being the third match race between the same boats, and contending once in a Regatta.

Both boats started precisely at a quarter past 3 o'clock, and got off in beautiful style, the Minstrel getting rather the advantage in the start—cheered by the shouts of thousands, the Glaucus soon regained her place, running side and side for several hundred yards—after several desperate efforts the Minstrel succeeded in passing her, and at the end of the first mile (which was run in (2:40) she was a clean length ahead, gradually widening the gap between them until within half a mile of the buoy, when the Glaucus commenced gaining on her. At the buoy the Minstrel was 2 1-2 lengths ahead, which she lost in turning, as the current carried her further down than her coxswain anticipated. The Glaucus turned between the Minstrel and the buoy, and when they straightened up for home the Glaucus was a little ahead. Now comes the tug of war. The crews consisted of strong athletic men, and never was there more energy used in a similar contest. The Minstrel striving hard to regain her former position and the Glaucus straining every nerve to widen the distance between them—the struggle was tremendous, but after several attempts to pass, the Minstrel gave it up and the Glaucus rowed leisurely to the starting point, coming in, in 37 minutes—which was good time considering she was not pushed for the last mile, and the water being unusually high, and the current very strong. On no similar occasion was there more excitement in Pittsburgh. The friends of both boats backed their opinions very freely, and thousands of dollars changed hands. This is the seventh race that the Glaucus has run—winning five and losing two.

The Glaucus is now withdrawn as a race boat, and the Ben Shamburg (built in New York) supplies her place. If you think the above worthy of insertion in your valuable paper, please publish it, and oblige

Yours truly, A New Yorker in the West.

LETTER FROM "N." OF ARKANSAS.

Aldie, Va., July 3d, 1839.

My Dear P.—So the match is off between *Monarch* and the *Queen*, on the one side, and *Omega* and *Portsmouth* on the other. Well, I am glad of it on account of the spirited owner of Monarch, who, I should judge was opposed to matching his horses when "*filthy lucre*" was all the stake. Col H. has been very fortunate in his purchases—and their success is a proud compliment to his agents, the Messrs. Tattersall. Monarch, the Queen, and Emily, are splendid animals—the two former have never been beaten; their dam, *Delphine*, is an extraordinary animal; she is very closely allied to that celebrated English racer and stallion, "*The Colonel.*" My Lady (the dam of Jereed and Passenger, both by Langar) is the dam of Delphine. The Delpini mare out of Tpple Cyder, by King Fergus, was bred to Comus and produced My Lady; subsequently she was bred to Whisker and produced The Colonel; My Lady was bred to Whisker and produced Delphine. So that Delphine's g. dam is the dam of The Colonel, while they were got by the same horse. Her produce ought to be a formidable entry for the Peyton stakes—though Plenipo is untried as a stallion. If it had been Priam instead of Plenipo, the thing would have looked certain.

I suppose I may venture an opinion about imported horses—tho' comparisons are "oderous" as Dogberry hath it. Well then, I think *Priam* and *Leviathan* very far ahead of all the other imported horses. I don't think there can be any difference of opinion on this head with the unprejudiced. Col. Johnson told me he preferred *Eclipse* to any native stallion—and I have no doubt his judgment here as in all matters pertaining to horse flesh, is first rate. The Eclipse stock last so well—they improve until they get old. Look at his sons—Monmouth Eclipse and Medoc are the two finest stallions in the United States. Mingo will get racers.

I am anxious to see the time come when the get of Glencoe will figure. I should not be surprised if they were to be second Priams or Leviathans.

Truly yours, N.

STORMING OF SERINGAPATAM: DEATH OF TIPPOO SAIB.

From Sir James Alexander's Life of the Duke of Wellington.

The breaching battery, on the morning of the 30th, was opened on the bastion. Upon the 2nd of May, another battery was established, in spite of the enemy's fire, and played upon the curtain to its right. Both, with the supporting battery, kept up a terrific cannonade, the thunder of which reverberated loudly among the hills, and seemed to shake both the fortress and the camp, as the shock fell heavily upon the walls; and, as if to render the effect complete, as described by an eye-witness, a magazine of rockets suddenly blew up in the fort, sending the fiery devastation far and wide. Volumes of flames, bursting with the loud crash, pierced high into the sky, instantly illuminating the before darkened heavens, and shooting their forked lightnings through the war-clouded air. Upon the 3d of May a practicable breach was at length announced, in the *fausse braye* wall, and on the night of the third, the main rampart became a heap, presenting only a yawning ruin. On the morning of the 4th the troops destined for the storm were placed in the trenches before daylight, and all continued silent for some time within the city. The hour fixed upon for the assault was during that sultry, overpowering heat of the afternoon, when repose becomes almost a necessity, and the extreme lassitude, peculiar to the climate, creeps over all the senses. Scaling ladders and all other materials for the assault had been early provided for; the heat became intense, a slumberous silence hung upon the massy walls of the fortress, and a stillness, no less awful, was preserved in the trenches. It was at this moment that the brave Sir D. Baird, addressing the men he was leading to the storm, cried, "Now, brave fellows, follow me, and prove yourselves worthy the name of British soldiers!" A sudden rush from the trenches broke the pervading calm; it was that of the forlorn hope as it hastened forward to open the way, followed with equal alacrity by the column destined for its support. The width and rocky channel of the Cauvery, its exposure to a hot fire, the imperfect breach, added to the strength of the place and the courage and skill of its defenders, presented obstacles, such as only the force and courage of his men could have justified an able commander in attempting to overcome. But, regardless of a tremendous fire, the troops, rushing through the bed of the river, reached the opposite bank, and in less than ten minutes the British colours were planted on the summit of the breach. In a few more, it was thronged with men, who, filing off right and left, by General Baird's directions, entered upon the ramparts. In fact, the fortress was won. Meantime, Tippoo Sultan had displayed greater valor and resolution than skill. He had neglected to cut a trench so as to insulate the angle of the fort in which the breach had been effected, and the ramparts were soon cleared. That morning he had risen early, as usual, and went to visit the outer rampart, from which he could observe what was passing on both sides. There he remained till noon, when he took his customary repast under a pandal or awning. Having left strict orders with Meer Goffar, a favourite officer, to keep a strict guard, he had scarcely left the spot before he was informed that Meer Goffar was killed by a cannon ball. "Well," he replied, "Meer Goffar was never afraid of death;" and directing his attendants to load his carbines, he instantly ordered the troops under arms. Hastening towards the breach, he met his troops in flight, and saw the van of the assailants scaling the walls. He tried to rally the fugitives, both by his voice and example, repeatedly firing on the troops as they mounted the breach. Almost alone, he retreated to the north ramparts, where surrounded by numbers of his bravest troops, he continued to dispute the traverses one after another, assisted by the enfilading fire from the inner walls. The assailants were compelled to halt, until the 12th crossing the inner ditch, took him in flank; and he retreated, fighting, towards the gate of the inner fort. Here he mounted his horse; and the British pressing on, he made for the gate, followed by his palanquin, and a number of officers and troops. Here he received a musket ball in the right side, but still he kept his seat till he was stopped half way through the arch, where he was struck by a second ball, close to the other. His horse being also wounded sunk under him, and his turban fell to the ground. He was raised up by his officers, now fast falling around him, and placed in his palanquin, where he lay exhausted; till, the Europeans rushing in, one of the soldiers seized the Sultan's sword-belt, which was very rich, and attempted to pull it off. Roused at the indignity, the offended monarch made a cut at the soldier, whom he wounded in the knee, and at the same instant was himself shot through the head. He instantly expired, where he lay surrounded by heaps of the dying and the dead. Major Allan was the first to summon the palace, which surrendered after a brief parley: Gen. Baird was already at its gates. The sons of Tippoo were brought into his presence: terror was impressed upon their features; and they had not yet heard of their father's death. They knew the sufferings which Gen. Baird, when a prisoner, had undergone, and that several Europeans, taken during the seige, had been put to death. Yet the just indignation of their conqueror gave way to milder feelings as he beheld them trembling before him, with their eyes bent in tears upon the ground. He at once soothed their fears, assured them of their safety, and bade them rely on the promises of protection which he had given. General Baird now proceeded to the northern gateway, where he was informed that the Sultan had fallen. When the body was first recognized amidst heaps of slain, the eyes were opened and it was so warm, that Colonel Wellesley, who was already on the spot, was doubtful whether he did not still breathe; his countenance was in no way disturbed, but wore an apperance of a fearless calm. His turban, jacket and sword belt were gone: and an officer who was present, with the leave of Gen. Baird, tore off from his right arm the talisman, which contained, sewed up in pieces of fine flowered silk, an amulet, and some magical characters written in Arabic and Persian. The body was placed in the palanquin, and conveyed to the court of the palace—whence he had only that morning issued—still the Sultan of the Mysore.

ORIENTAL FIELD SPORTS.

[*Concluded from the 3d page.*]

creet reader, we leave thee, in the fulness of thy imagination, to fill up the blank with any epithet thou thinkest most appropriate; if a Hog hunter, thou wilt be at no loss; if not, we would venture to recommend something rather energetic.

"Well, there is an end of it, I suppose; for the devil himself would hardly attempt to face that pile of rocks," said Charles, in a desponding tone, as he withdrew his longing eyes from the Boar, and addressed Mansfield, who, having replaced his battered hunting-cap, and shaken the dust from his clothes, was carefully examining Challenger's knees, to ascertain what damage they had sustained in the fall.

"It is bad riding-ground enough," replied he, coolly; "but we must try it; the Boar is all but done for, and if we can only keep him in sight, and force him to cross the hill, we shall make short work of it in the plain beyond. Just keep your eye upon him in the mean time, and see that he does not give us the slip again.

The well-conditioned horses, although effectually blown by the severity of the first burst, soon recovered their wind, and the horsemen, re mounting, began to climb the steep ascent, picking their steps with difficulty, and clambering amongst rocks and loose stones, where it appeared hardly possible, even for a goat, to find secure footing. Yet the hardy and sure-footed little Arabs persevered. And after a toilsome scramble, the hunters succeeded in driving the Boar over the crest of the hill, and had the satisfaction of seeing him fairly on his way towards the plain.

Here Mansfield reined up his horse for a moment, to let him recover breath; while he glanced his keen eye around, to discover the most practicable place for making a descent. Then, sitting well back, and grasping the reins firmly, he put spurs to his horse, and dashed at speed down the rocky hill-side, which, although much less precipitous than the one they had ascended, was still sufficiently so to have scared any other horseman than a desperate hog-hunter, with his blood, as we said before, at the boiling point; and even for him to attempt it, on a tried horse, appeared little short of madness. At least so thought our friend the Doctor, who, having made the circuit of the hill, now appeared on the plain below, going along at a steady canter, and watching the progress of the reckless horsemen with fear and trembling.

"Od's my life, but that's awfu'!" muttered he, pulling up and clasping his hands convulsively, as Charles's horse made a desperate stumble, but was cleverly recovered by the steady hand and good nerve of his rider. "That Mansfield is just a perfect deevle incarnate when his blood is up. He'll never rest till he makes that Laddy Charles as ill as himsel', if he doesna break his neck and his ain too afore they get to the bottom o' that brae, as it's my opinion he will do. Lord sake! there's another awfu' stammer! They'll surely be brained."

But, in spite of the Doctor's evil forebodings, the two horsemen reached the plain in safety, not a hundred yards from the Boar's haunches; and the gallant Macphee, fired by the sight, and forgetting in a moment all his prudent caution, dashed in the spurs and joined in the chase, with as much eagerness as if he had no neck to break.

The Doctor's horse, being comparatively fresh, now managed to keep pace with his companions: and the three horsemen were riding abreast as the hunted Bear approached a deep and wide stream with precipitous banks. This the Doctor fancied must either bring him to bay or force him to alter his course, which, in consequence of a bend in the river, would have the effect of bringing him to close quarters. An idea suddenly flashed across his mind that, by making a desperate rush at this auspicious moment, he might immortalize himself by taking the spear of honor from the renowned Mansfield. Fired by this magnificent thought, the excited Macphee darted in the spurs, brandished his spear, and uttered a war-whoop that made the old horse bound under him, as if he had been electrified. But to his astonishment the Boar, instead of turning, plunged from the high bank without ever looking behind him; and—oh! horror!—his two wild companions, far from hesitating, only urged on their horses to the desperate leap with redoubled fury.

"Stop! ye incarnate deevles!" roared the Doctor, striving desperately, but in vain, either to stop or turn his horse, for he was wedged in between the other two; and the hard-mouthed old hunter he bestrode, excited to madness by the recollections of former glory, was not to be stopped by the power of man. "Stop, ye deevle's buckies—stop, ye missleer'd loons. Is it going to drown yoursels and me ye are, like the herd o' swine possessed by evil speerits!—Stop; I say—stop—I canna soum, I canna soum—I'll surely be drowned—I'll—" here the Doctor's exclamations were lost in a faint bubbling cry, as his unmanageable horse plunged, with the others, over head and ears, into the middle of the stream; and by the time he returned to the surface, he was so nearly suffocated, that he could only give vent to his outraged feelings in strange inarticulate sounds. Mansfield, hearing the coughing and spluttering of the poor Doctor behind him, turned half round, with the intention of going to his assistance; but, seeing that he still clung to his horse, and that the animal was swimming strongly, he called out to him to hold on by the mane and fear nothing; and slipping himself out of the saddle to relieve his favorite horse, he swam by his side, supporting his head with one hand, and cheering him with his voice.

The Boar reached the opposite bank before the horsemen were half way across; shook the water from his dripping hide, and casting one malignant glance at his pursuers, trotted on sulkily for a short distance; then, as if aware that any further attempt at flight over the wide expanse of plain which lay before him, would only be wasting his energies to no purpose, he wheeled suddenly round, erected his bristles, and stood resolutely at bay.

Mansfield at this moment emerged from the water, dripping like a river-god, and seeing the warlike position assumed by the enemy, he uttered a shout of triumph, put spurs to his steaming horse, and charged him at speed, which, by the way, gentle reader, is the only safe manner of approaching a Boar at bay. The savage brute having now made up his mind to fight to the death, uttered a fierce grunt, and dashed forward to meet him. Mansfield's well-directed spear entered his chest, and passed out beind the shoulder; but, in spite of the severity of the wound, he still rushed forward, shattered the bamboo, and dashing under the belly of the unflinching Challenger, before Mansfield had time to wheel out of the way, succeeded in inflicting a deep and deadly gash, from which the bowels protruded in a shocking manner. Charles now dashed forward to despatch the wounded monster; but such was his strength and ferocity, that he rose staggering from the ground, rushed at the horse, knocked his fore legs from under him, and rolled him over, inflicting a cut across the shank-bones as clean as if it had been done by a razor. While he yet stood tottering, and meditating further mischief, the Doctor dashed up to him in the most gallant style, and shouting at the top of his voice, "That's second spear, onyhow!" plunged the glittering blade into his heart. The frantic brute made one desperate effort to bite through the tough bamboo; but in that effort a stream of black blood, mingled with foam, gushed from his mouth; and uttering one shrill scream, in the weakness of expiring nature, he sank slowly to the ground and died.

Loud and long was the death halloo with which the exulting Doctor proclaimed his victory. But poor Mansfield had not the heart to join in it. For him the victory had been too dearly purchased. Sitting on the ground, with the head of his dying horse resting on his knees, he watched his glazing eye and quivering limbs with the solicitude of a mother hanging over a sick child. The faithful and beautiful creature had been his companion in camp and in quarters, in battle and in the hunting-field, ever since he was a colt; he had shared his master's tent, and fed from his master's hand, and exhibited towards him all the affection of a dog. Smile not then, gentle reader, nor call it weakness, when we tell thee that a tear rolled down the weather-beaten cheek of the hardy soldier, as his highly-prized and almost faultless steed, fixing his large mild eye upon his face, stretched forth his stiffening limbs, and sighed forth his last breath in a deep groan.

"He has died nobly," cried Mansfield starting to his feet, and dashing the unbidden tear from his eye. "But never, never shall I forget the hunt—that has cost me the life of my incomparable Challenger!" Koondah.

London New Monthly Magazine for June.

AMERICAN

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

EDITED BY WILLIAM T. PORTER,

And published Monthly in the City of New York, at Five Dollars per annum,

FROM THE OFFICE OF "THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

Embellished with Superb Engravings on Steel.

THIS work is now published with punctuality on the first day of each month, from the Office of the "Spirit of the Times," corner of Broadway and Barclay street, New York, and Seven Numbers of the 10th Volume have already been issued; the 8th No. will appear on the 1st of August, embellished with TWO STEEL ENGRAVINGS, executed expressly for this work. Each number contains sixty-four pages of imperial octavo size, beautifully printed on new type on paper of the finest fabric; a superb Engraving on *Steel Plate* accompanies each number, rendering it one of the handsomest and most elegantly embellished magazines in the United States.

The following articles and embellishments, among an infinite variety of interesting matter, have appeared since the transfer of the "Register" to New York:—

The First Number (double) for January and February, was embellished with three fine Steel Engravings: the celebrated horse "HARKAWAY," by Dick, after Turner, "TROUT FISHING ON LONG ISLAND," by Hinshilwood, after Jackson, and "ENGLISH ECLIPSE," by O. P. Q., after Stubbs.

Contents of No. I. and II.—Memoir of Harkaway, by the Editor; The Godolphin Arabian, by M. Suc; On Breeding for the Turf, by Phœnix; A Sacondaga Deer Hunt, by Charles F. Hoffman, Esq.; Trout Fishing on Long Island, by the Editor; The English Racing Season for 1838; by Craven; Essay on Leicester and South Down Sheep, by L. Tucker, Esq.; The Louisiana Turf, by A.; Continental Sporting, by Nimrod; American Racing Calendar of 1839; Alphabetical List of Winning Horses in 1838, at all distances; The High Prices of Stallions; Blood will Come out; Horse Letter Writers; Remedy for Bots or Grubs, and Cholic; Register of Pedigrees; Essay on English Eclipse, by the Editor; together with highly interesting articles by F. P. Delme Radcliffe, Esq.; M. M. Milburn, Esq., "A." "D. M. G." W. G. Allan, Esq., "Asmodeus," &c. &c.

The Second Number (double) for March and April was embellished with two superb Engravings on Steel: the celebrated horse "PLENIPOTENTIARY," by Dick, after Turner, and "D'ORSAY AND HIS TRAINEAU," by Dick, after Aubrey.

Contents of No. III. and IV.—Memoir of Plenipo, by the Editor; Native and Imported Stock, by Jersey; Oriental Field Sports; D'Orsay and his Traineau, by A New Contributor; Killing Trout out of Season; On Bridling and Bitting Horses; Notes of the Month, by the Editor; Turfiana, by the Editor of the London New Sporting Magazine; Racing in Russia; Memoir of Imp. Belshazzar; On Arab Horses; English Popular Racing Stallions; Alphabetical List of American Winning Horses in 1838; Familiar Anatomy of the Horse; Memoir of Imp. Philip; A Maryland Fox Hunt; The late Match in Virginia; Salmon Fishing in Canada, by Piscator; On Shoeing Horses, by Charles Vial de Saint Bel; Sales of Blood Stock; Boat Song; New Theory of Stallions; together with articles of great practical utility by "Peter Simple," Chas. F. Hoffman, Esq., "T. A." "Uncle Toby," Craven, &c. &c.

The Third Number (double) for May and June, was embellished with two costly Engravings, "A FOREST JOUST," by Dick, after Landseer, and FLY-FISHING, by Dick, after Cooper.

Contents of No. V. and VI.—Stable Economy, by Prof. Stewart; On Training, by Expedition; Fly-Fishing, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands, by Frank Forester; How to Buy a Horse; Observations of the Spring Campaign; Comparison of the Speed of Horses; Deer Stalking, by William Scrope, Esq.; The Handley Cross Hounds; The Washington and Baltimore Races; Register of Pedigrees; Racing Calendar of 1839; The Blood Hound; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, with various sporting articles from the practised pens of "Piscator," Professor Stewart, "Kunegos," &c. &c.

The Seventh Number, for July, was embellished with a costly and elaborately executed Engraving of DON JOHN, by Prud'homme, after Herring.

Contents of No. VII.—Memoir of Don John, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands (continued), by Frank Forester; Ten Minutes Run with a Wolf, by "Kunegos;" How to Buy a Horse, by An Amateur; Notes of the Month; Turfiana; American Sporting Gallery; The Canadian Hunter to his Horse, by J. H. Willis, Esq.; On Acclimating Cattle in Louisiana, by Dr J. S.; Sand Eating by Horses; Epistle to the Editor, by an Old Reader, &c., together with the usual variety of Sporting matter.

In the First Number was commenced an AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR FOR 1839, with Omissions in the Racing Calendar for 1838, and "NOTES OF THE MONTH," by the Editor, forming a running commentary on the various subjects of Sporting News and conversation of the day, all which are continued in the subsequent numbers. Since the work has fallen into the hands of the present editor, a great number of gentlemen, known to the Sporting World, as Breeders and Turfmen, have volunteered the aid of their gifted pens as contributors, so as to have imparted an original character and new interest to the Magazine. Its contents are entirely different from those of the "Spirit of the Times," though published in the same office; the facilities enjoyed by the proprietors of the weekly paper for collecting early information, and for the successful prosecution of their enterprises, enable them to expend a far greater amount of money upon the Magazine than its subscription list would otherwise warrant, were it doubled; the connection alone sustains them, and they are happy to add that since it took place a large number of the subscribers to their weekly paper have also subscribed to the Magazine.

The American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine will continue to be published at the old price—Five dollars per annum in advance,—notwithstanding its present style of publication is attended with an expense nearly double that heretofore laid out upon it. The publishers rely with entire confidence upon a commensurate support from the friends of The Turf and the Agricultural Interest generally, and beg to assure them that while in their hands their exertions to increase its value and usefulness shall never flag.

As no local agents are employed by the present publishers, it is requested that Communications and Subscriptions be addressed directly to

WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

New York, July 13, 1839.

SWEEPSTAKES, EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

A SWEEPSTAKES for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, subscription $300 each. $100 forfeit; three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st of August. Now two subscribers, viz: David McDaniel, Jas. B. Kendall.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that have never won, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close as above. Now one subscriber, viz.: Col. Wm. R. Johnson.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that have never won, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

A list of the entries to the above Sweepstakes will be published in the "Spirit of the Times," immediately after the 1st of August.

☞ The Fall Meeting will commence on the Second Tuesday following the Fall Races over the Kendall Course. Purses, $1500, Four mile heats; $1000, Three mile heats; $600, Two mile heats, &c. &c. One third of each purse to go to the second best, if more than one start—if but *one* all to go to the winner. Entrance 5 per cent.

When the rules of the Northern Turf do not determine which is second best, the horse that is second in the last heat will be so considered.

O. BAILEY, *Secretary.*

Trenton, N. J., July 11, 1839.—[jy 13]

TROTTING, HUNTING PARK COURSE.

THE following Trotting Purses are declared to come off over the above Course, the 4th Tuesday, 23d July:—

First day, at 1 o'clock—A Purse of $200, Two mile heats under the saddle, free for all Trotting Horses.

Same day—A Purse of $100, Mile heats under the saddle, free for all Trotting Horses that have not won over that amount.

Second day, at 1 o'clock—A Purse of $200, Two mile heats in harness, free for all horses, not excepting the winning horse of the previous day.

Same day—A Purse of $100 Mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the saddle, free for all.

JAMES BROWN, *Proprietor.*

Philadelphia County, July 8th, 1839.—[jy 13-2t]

PRODUCE STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1840, over the Victoria Course, (Fauquier, White Sulphur Springs,) Va., Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 forfeit; to name and close 1st January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Dr. Lufborough names produce of Vixen, by Rob Roy, and St. Leger.
2. Robert E. Lee names produce of Maria, by Contention, and Imp. Priam.
3. Also, produce of a Sir Charles mare and Imp. Felt.
4. A. M. Payne names produce of Ruth, by Medley, and Imp. Emancipation.
5. Also, produce of Emily, by Sir Charles, and Imp. Emancipation.
6. R. E. Scott names produce of Mazeppa's dam and Imp. Priam.
7. Hector Bell names produce of Slender, by Industry, and Imp. Emancipation.
8. John Baker names produce of Linnet, by Rob Roy, and Imp. Felt.
9. Wm. L. White names produce of Imp. My Lady, by Comus, and Imp. Priam.
10. Also, produce of Corset and Imp. Priam.
11. Thomas Doswell names produce of Eliza Whorton and Pamunky.
12. McCargo and Duvall.

Persons wishing to become subscribers to the above Stake will address the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times." [jy13]

STAKES, PICTON COURSE, LIVINGSTON, Ala.

PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, to run Fall Meeting of 1842, Mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 15th of November, 1839. Notes and security are required for the forfeit in all cases.

1. John Nicholls names produce of Columbia Taylor, by Medley, and Imp. Leviathan.
2. Richard Yarborough names produce of Bellona, by Stockholder, and Imp. Leviathan.
3. Wm. E Long names produce of Fanny Hill, by Stockholder, and Jerry.

2. Kinterbish Stake, free for colts and fillies (the get of horses standing in Sumter or the adjoining counties,) dropped Spring of 1840, to run Spring of 1843, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st Jan., 1841.

1. Wm. B. Ochiltree names a colt or filly the get of Pactolus.
2. Kader B. Stallings " " " " "
3. John Long names colt or filly, the get of Jerry.
4. Wm. E. Long " " " " "
5. Richard Yarborough names colt or filly, the get of Pactolus.
6. James S. Jackson names colt or filly, the get of Pulaski.

3. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yr. old Spring of 1839, to run during the regular Fall Meeting, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st of Sept., 1839.

A. M. Jewell.

4. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

5. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

6. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring 1840, to run during regular Fall Meeting, 1840, Three mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by 4th of Jan., 1840.

All entries to the above Sweepstakes must be addressed to the Secretary at Livingston, Sumter Co., Alabama, and they will meet with prompt attention.

J. J. JEWELL,
June 23, 1839.—[jy 13] Secretary Livingston Jockey Club.

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following stock, which comprises the purest and most fashionable strains of blood, will be sold at Nashville, Tenn., during the ensuing Fall Meeting of the Jockey Club, if not otherwise disposed of.

No. 1. *Anvil*, br. h. 9 yrs. old, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella, by Sir Archy, the dam of Picton, Drone, Martha Washington, and others.

2. *Darwin*, ch. c. 4 yrs., by Henry Tonson, out of the dam of Lilac and Tishimingo, by Sir Archy.

3. *Phantom*, b. c. 4 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Imported Phantomia, (dam of Anna Maria.)

4. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson. See No. 14.

5. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Tenn. Oscar, g. d. by old Pacolet, g. g. d by Imp. Cœur de Lion, g. g. g. d. by Grey Medley (Barry's), g. g. g. g. d. by Celer, &c. &c.

6. B. c. 2 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko, and she out of Col. Singleton's Imp. Psyche.

7. B. c. *Chevalier*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Minerva Chance, by Multum in Parvo; Minerva Chance is also the dam of Black Knight, who ran with Boston a four mile race at the Washington City Spring races; for her pedigree in full, see list of Hon. Daniel Jennifer's stock.

8. B. c. *Harry Hill*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Imp. Anna Maria.

9. Ch. c. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Clifton, by Wickham's Richmond, and she out of Lady Teazle, by Imp. Peter Teazle; her dam Cora, by Dr. Wm. Thornton's Imp. Driver, out of the full sister to the celebrated race-horse Nantoaka, by Hall's Imp. Eclipse. Lady Clifton is the property of Col. Bowie, of Md.

BROOD MARES.

No. 10. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, and her br. f. foal by Imp. Luzborough, called *Great Western*—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

11. *Maria Shepherd*, (dam of Lilac,) and her b. c. foal *Hector*, by Imp. Priam—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

12. Imp. Anna Maria, out of Imp. Phantomia, and her ch. c. by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip.

13. Ch. m. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. by Imp. Shark—Goode's Twigg—Fearnaught—Jolly Roger—Mark Anthony—Imp. Monkey; and her foal by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip

14. *Magnolia*, now stinted to Eclipse, and her foal by Imp. Leviathan. Magnolia is by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko or Saxe Weimar, and she out of Col. Singleton's famous mare Psyche—a racing pedigree on both sides.

15. *Bernice*, b. m. out of old Madame Tonson, by Sir Archy, Junr., and her foal by Anvil—stinted to Marshal Ney [see Edgar's Stud Book].

16. *Pantinella*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, out of Pocahontas by old Pacolet, referred to in No. 5.

17. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Priam, out of No. 13.

18. B. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of Imp. Anna Maria.

19. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia (No. 14.)

20. *Tennessee*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Felt, out of No. 15.

21. Br. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of same (No. 15).

22. Ch. h. 5 yrs., Livingston by Crusader, out of Patty Puff by old Pacolet (dam of Angora), belonging to Rev. H. M. Cryer, R. S. Wooding, and B. Peyton.

23. B. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Minerva Chance. See No. 7.

24. *Minerva Chance*, b. m. by Multum in Parvo, etc. see No. 7.

Applications, if by letter, to be addressed to me until 1st July, to New Orleans, and after that time to Gallatin, Tennessee.

May 27, 1839. BALIE PEYTON.

THE ALABAMA STAKES.

THE undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day after the "Peyton Stakes," for colts and fillies then 4 years old, for $2000 each, half forfeit; or $500 if declared the 1st January, 1841; *Three Mile Heats*, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race, the second horse to be entitled to his stake; to close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st of January, 1841, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson, R. K. Polk, Jas. W. Camp,
T. Watson, Samuel Ragland, E. H. Boardman,
Lucius J. Polk, Nicholas Davis, George Elliott.

The Trial Stakes.

The undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day previous to the "Peyton Stakes," with the produce of mares covered in 1839, for $1000 each, half forfeit, or $250 if declared the 1st January, 1842; Two Mile heats, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race; the second horse to be entitled to his stake. To close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st January, 1842, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson, Lucius J. Polk, Nicholas Davis,
Samuel Ragland, William H. Polk, by } E. H. Boardman,
T. Watson, Lucius J. Polk, } James W. Camp,
Willis H. Boddie, R. K. Polk, Hickman Lewis.
L. P. Cheatham,

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to either of the above stakes should address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Jockey Club, Nashville, Tennessee, to whom the nominations are also to be forwarded. [j22.]

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard

NEW ORLEANS FALL RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are open over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, to commence first Tuesday in December.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To name and close 1st of July, 1839. Now 6 subs., viz.:

Y. N. Oliver, Duncan F. Kenner, George M. Long.
Fergus Duplantier, W. J. Minor, A. L. Bingaman.

Spring Meeting, 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To run at the Spring Meeting of 1840; and close the 1st of January next. Now 6 subs., viz.:

W. T. Minor, Fergus Duplantier, T. J. Wells,
Y. N. Oliver, G. N. Sanders, A. L. Bingaman.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, subs. $1000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st of Jan. 1840. Now 2 subs. Address (post paid)

[my4] J. R. STERRITT, New Orleans.

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839, over the Bascombe Course, will commence on the last Tuesday, 26th November, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, $200 ft., two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st Oct., 1839. Now 3 subs

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, P. P., Mile heats. Five or more to make a race. To close 1st Oct., and name at the post.

Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to either of the Secretaries, or to the proprietor, at Mobile (*post paid*).

Good stabling and litter furnished gratis. D. STEPHENSON, Proprietor.

Mobile, 4th April, 1839.—[tOct1]

KENDALL COURSE, BALTIMORE.

THE Races over this course will take place on Monday, the 7th October, and continue six days. From the great encouragement met with the last season, the Proprietor will offer increased inducements to visit the Kendall Course. The purses will be augmented, both in number and amount. The particulars in due time. The following sweepstakes are now open to be run over this course:—

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to run Fall Meeting of 1839, sub. $500 each, $200 ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Sept. next; three or more to make a race. Now one subscriber, to wit: Wm. R. Johnson.

Sweepstakes as above, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Now two subscribers, to wit:
Wm. R. Johnson, David McDaniel.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that never started in a public race, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close as above. Now two subscribers, to wit:
Wm. R. Johnson, David McDaniel.

And to cap the climax, we have the Pete Whetstone Stakes, now opened and written by his own hand, to wit:—A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1838; to run Spring of 1841, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft. To name and close 1st January, 1840. Now six subscribers, and fifty more expected. The present subscribers are:—

1. C. F. M. Noland names f. by Imp. Cetus, out of Nell Gwynne by Rattler.
2. Edward H. Pentleton names b. c. by Andrew, out of Miss Phillips.
3. Jas. B. Kendall.
4. Francis Thompson.
5. Wm. T. Mason names b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla, Jr.
6. David McDaniel.

Breeders and racers desirous of subscribing to the above Stakes, will address the subscriber, at Baltimore. JAS. B. KENDALL, *Proprietor.*

June 17, 1839.—[June 22]

AUGUSTA (Ga.) RACES, LAFAYETTE COURSE.

THE Annual Races will come off over The Lafayette Course, the 2d week in December next, when the following purses will be offered:

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday previous to the above annual Meeting, a Poststake, free for all ages, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; Four mile heats. Four or more to make a race; to close on the 1st day of Aug. next. Now 2 subs.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; Two mile heats. Seven subs. and closed.

Also, a Poststake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. To close 1st day of Oct. next; three or more to make a race. Now 1 sub.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, dropped Spring of 1837, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., to come off the day preceding the first annual Meeting in 1840. To which are 7 subs., and closed.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to be run the meeting of 1840; sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. Three or more to make a race; to name and close at our annual Meeting in 1839. Now 5 subs.

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies 3 yrs. old the Spring of 1841, to run in the Fall afterwards, Two mile heats, over the Lafayette Course, sub $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close at the annual Meeting in 1840. Now 4 subs.

Also, a Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, to run the Fall of 1842, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; to which are 8 subs., and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton names ch. f. by Emancipation, out of Imp. Lucy by Cain.
Iverson & Bonner name produce of Count Zaldivar's dam and John Bascombe
John D. Kirby names produce of Imp. Invalid and Imp. Priam
Col. John Crowell names produce of Bolivia and John Bascombe
Edmonson & Long name produce of Eliza Drake and Imp. Chateau Margaux
Thos. H. D. Van Landingham names produce of Amy Hampton and John Bascombe
John C. O. Hanlin names produce of Jane Bertrand and Imp. Luzborough
Augustus Lamkin names produce of Ione and Turnbull

The subscribers to the above Produce stake are requested to give a description of their colts as early as possible, to G. EDMONSON, *Cor. Sec'y.*

1aJun

J. CONROY'S
FISHING TACKLE STORE,
No. 52 Fulton, (corner of Cliff Street,) New York. [j22,tf.]

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE.

THE 7th No. of this work was published on the 1st July, from the Office of the "*Spirit of the Times*," corner of Broadway and Barclay st. This number is embellished with a very superb and elaborately executed PORTRAIT OF DON JOHN, by Prud'homme, after an oil painting by Herring, and the following is submitted as its Table of Contents:—

EMBELLISHMENT:

THE GREAT ST. LEGER FIELD IN 1838, WITH A PORTRAIT OF DON JOHN; Engraved on Steel by Prud'homme, after an oil painting by Herring.

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The 8th No. will be published on the 1st August, and will be embellished with two engravings, executed by Dick expressly for this work.

WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

New York, July 6.—[j6]

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

THE following important articles and compilations have been published in the present volume of this paper, commencing on March 9th, 1839.

Pedigree and Performances of Black Maria.

Pedigree and Performances of John Bascombe.

Review of the New York Stage.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF AMERICAN WINNING HORSES at 1m., 2m., 3m., and 4m. heats, for the year 1838.

COMPLETE LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1839.

Memoir of Augusta, with a complete sketch of her theatrical career.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH WINNING HORSES for 1838, at all distances.

The following COSTLY ENGRAVINGS have also been given in the present volume:—

Portrait of Madlle. AUGUSTA as The Sylphide.
" BLACK MARIA, owned by Hon. BALIE PEYTON of New Orleans.
" JOHN BASCOMBE, " Col. JOHN CROWELL of Alabama

These will be followed by equally FINE ENGRAVINGS of LEVIATHAN, SHARK, MONARCH, WAGNER, MINGO, &c.

The Series, when complete, will form a SPORTING GALLERY worth of itself more than the price of subscription. [j22.]

CINCINNATI JOCKEY CLUB.

THE FALL MEETING OF 1839 will commence on Tuesday, 10th September, and continue five days.

First day—Ohio Stallion Stake, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft.: four or more to make a race; a splendid Silver Pitcher, of the value of $100, to be added by the Proprietor; second best to get back his stake; to name and close by the 15th Aug.

To this race six subscribers are expected.

Same day—Ohio Breeders' Plate, value $200, for three year olds, free only for those bred in the State of Ohio, and Campbell County, Kentucky; Mile heats.

Second day—The Breeders' Plate, value $500, Two mile heats, a Beautiful Tea Sett (Silver), the amount of entrance to be governed by the number. To this plate the proprietor makes an entry.

Same day—A Post Stake for 3 year olds, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, the entry to be made at 4 o'clock the day previous to the Race, to name at the Judges' Stand, previous to the hour of starting.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.

If three or more start, the second best to receive $120 out of the purse. If not three, the winner to receive $480.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

If three or more start, the second best to receive $200 out of the purse. If not three, the winner to receive $800.

Fifth day—Proprietor's Purse $400 in Gold. Mile heats.

If three or more start the second best to receive $100 out of this purse. If not three, the winner to receive $300 in gold.

20th June, 1839.—[Jy 6] LEWIS SANDERS, Agent.

BUCKEYE STAKE.

THE subscribers agree to run a Sweepstake Race over the Cincinnati Course, to be named the "Buckeye Stake," on the first day of the Spring Meeting in 1840, in 1841, and in 1842, Mile heats, for colts and fillies to be three years old the respective dates, $300 entrance, $100 ft., to name and close the 1st day of January in each year; the Proprietor to add a *Gold Cup* (appropriately embellished) value $250; the second best to get back the stake paid by it.

June, 1839.—[Jy 6–6t]

VELOCIPEDE.

TO be sold by auction by Messrs. TATTERSALLS, at Doncaster, in the race week, the well known and valuable stallion VELOCIPEDE, sire of The Queen of Trumps, Hornsea, Ebberston, Oberon, Skater, Ainderby, (imported into America by L. J. Polk, Esq., of Tenn.,) Calista, Jacob Faithful, Verbena, and many other first rate Race Horses.

Velocipede, a chesnut horse, was foaled in 1825; he was got by Blacklock, out of a Juniper mare, her dam by Sorcerer, ont of Virgin by Sir Peter—Pot-8-o's—Editha by Herod, etc. [See Skinner's English and American Stud Book, p. 880.]

For price, etc., apply to Messrs. TATTERSALLS, Hyde Park Corner, if by letter, post paid.

London, 21st May, 1839.—[Jy 6–4t]

CINCINNATI FALL MEETING.

AN EXTRA PURSE OFFERED—$500 IN AMERICAN GOLD.—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to be run for over the Cincinnati Course, on Monday, the 9th Sept., Two mile heats; subscription $100 each, h. ft. Ten or more to make a race. Each subscriber to pay $25 to the Proprietor in aid of the purse, which is to be $500 in American Gold, hung up at the Judges' Stand.

If three start the second best to receive $200 out of the stake; if four or more start, the third best to receive $100 out of the stake; the balance of the stake and the Purse goes to the winner. To name and close on or before the 15th Aug. In naming, the subscriber will forward the same to Lewis Sanders, Recording Secretary, Cincinnati, dated on the letter where it is mailed previous to 15th Aug. LEWIS SANDERS, Agent.

June 24, 1839.—[Jy 6]

SYMMES* STAKES.

THE subscribers agree to run a Sweepstake Race over the Cincinnati Course, to be named the "Symmes Stake" on the first day of the Fall Meeting in 1840, in 1841, and in 1842, Two mile heats, for colts and fillies to be 3 years old the respective dates, $300 ent., $100 forfeit, to name and close the 1st day of April in each year; the Proprietor to add a *Gold Cup* (appropriately embellished) value $250; the second best to get back the stake paid by it.

June, 1839.—[Jy 6–6t]

* Col. J. C. Symmes, who settled the Cincinnati district.

TO SPORTSMEN.

FOR SALE—A black Russian SETTER DOG, perfectly broke on all game, and fetches in fine style. He is 2½ years old, and is sold for want of use. Price, $60. Apply at 141 Washington street, Newark, N. J., or to Mr. A. M. BLACK, at the New York Tattersall's, Broadway. [July 6]

PURE BERKSHIRE PIGS FOR SALE.

DR. SMITH CUTTER, of Shrewsbury, N. J., has two litters of pure Berkshire pigs for sale. Apply to LEWIS BEACH, 14 Cedar st. [Jy 6–2t]

BROOD MARE FOR SALE.

THE well known race mare *Frolic*; got by Am. Eclipse, out of the celebrated race mare Betsey Ransom, by Virginian, with a yearling filly foal at her side, by the Imp. horse Trustee, to which horse the mare is also stinted. The mare is a large sized roomy mare for breeding, and the foal is one of great promise; the owner is induced to part with them only on account of having sold his farm.

They can be had, if applied for immediately, at the low price of $500 together.

For further particulars apply to GEO. W. MILLER, New York Tattersall's, or to the Editor of this paper. [July 6–5t]

WANTED,

A SITUATION as trainer and rider by a young man, aged 26 years, who can ride 104lbs. He is in possession of the best credentials as respects his character and ability, from many of the most distinguished gentlemen in England. A note left at the Office of this Paper, addressed to Martin Lawler, stating where an interview may be had, will meet with immediate attention, or enquiry may be made there for further particulars. [my4–tf]

VALUABLE BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE undersigned being desirous of breaking up his breeding establishment in consequence of its location at a distance from his residence, will dispose of his remaining stock at the most moderate prices. It comprises some of the most fashionable and the purest strains of blood in the country.

No. 1. *Saluda*, a chesnut mare, by Timoleon, out of a Sir Harry mare, and she out of High land Mary, an own sister to Sir Archy, etc. Saluda is the dam of Dr. Syntax, Viceroy, and others, and 17 years old. She has a colt by her side by Imp. Trustee, and is in foal to him again.

No. 2. *Gypsey*, a roan mare, 15½ hands high, and 7 years old, is own sister to the celebrated Medoc and Midas. She was bred to Imp. Trustee last year, and dropped a colt this Spring, which was considered the most promising on the Island; it was unfortunately killed by an accident. Gypsey is again stinted to Trustee.

No. 3. *Chesnut colt*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Saluda, 3 yrs.

No. 3. *Chesnut colt*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Saluda, 2 yrs.

No. 5. *Chesnut colt*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Saluda, yearling.

The three colts are all in very high form, and of good size. The mares may be seen at the stable of A. L. BOTTS, Esq. at Jamaica, Long Island, and the 3 yr. old colt at Mr. JOHN MCCOMB'S stable at the Centreville Course; the two youngest colts at my farm at Hyde Park

Application may be made to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, or by letter addressed to me at Hyde Park, Duchess County, N. Y. HAMILTON WILKES.

New York, June 26, 1839. [J29–3t]

THOROUGH BRED STOCK FOR SALE.

THE health of the undersigned, and that of his family, requiring a climate more congenial than Long Island, he has determined to dispose of his farm at Jamaica: in which event he has no place for his blooded stock. He has mares, colts, and fillies of all ages, and of the different blood of Sir Charles, Eclipse, Henry, Barefoot, Trustee, and Gohanna; some of the mares are of the most desirable crosses, and purchased at a high price. They will be sold for *one half* their value, and if desired, a credit of twelve months given, if early application be made to the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times," who will be furnished with a catalogue numbering some 20, or 30, and give every information desired.

[my 25] ALEXANDER L BOTTS

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensborough, Ala., four mile heats, on the Monday previous to the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $2000 each, $500 ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of September, 1839.

Jno. J. Burton | Rich'd H. Long
Henry A. Tayloe

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $1000 each, P.P., four or more to make a race. Henry A. Tayloe.

Sweepstakes.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting, on said Course, the Spring of 1840. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., four or more to make a race. Stake to close and name 1st day of March, 1840.

Dr. Robt. W. Withers.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the fourth day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, fall of 1839. Subscription $500 each, $200 ft., three or more to make a race, stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Henry A Tayloe | Jno. J. Burton

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, One mile, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Jno. J. Burton
Col. Jas. Lankford

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., three or more to make a race. To name and close on the 1st day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Henry W. Reese
J. J. Burton

Nominations to the above stakes are to be addressed to

[June1] HENRY A. TAYLOE, Macon, Marengo Co., Ala

THE PEYTON STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
3. James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P. A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19. Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill.
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brother of Va. name the produce of Robt. C. Williamson's Imp. mare Pera by Sultan and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam.
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew.

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times. [F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville J. C.

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

N. 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.

EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For the accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the [Mar16–tf.]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE Fall Meeting will commence on the 2d Tuesday following the Fall Races over the Kendall Course. Purses, $1500, four mile heats; $1000, three mile heats; $600, two mile heats, &c. &c. One third of each purse is to go to the 2d best, if more than two start. [June 8]

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

WADE'S WORM AND CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES have been extolled upwards of 37 years in England and France, as the best and only prepared to promote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms and botts, loosen the hide, fine the coat, purify the blood, so as to do away with the necessity of bleeding, render the food more nutritive, prevent the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above-named cases. Since their introduction in this country the first owners of valuable studs have given them to their horses and acknowledge that they are not to be surpassed by anything else.

☞ These Powders used when horses come off a journey, or are wet and cold, or exceedingly fatigued, will be found in the highest degree beneficial. They require no trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed at night.

☞ Sold wholesale and retail by Dr. W. H. Thurston, 260 Bowery, Dr. J. H. Hert, corner of Broadway and Chambers street, and Messrs. Blackwell & Clarke, corner of Grandeurand & Camp streets, New Orleans. [o13]

S. J. SYLVESTER.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l*., 10*l*., 15*l*., 20*l*., to 1000*l*., (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, and funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders, however distant, meet the same attention as personal application.

☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector must be addressed to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street.

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take place every Tuesday and Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock in the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage. ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

MONDAY EVENING, July 15—THE REVIEW—First night of LA SONNAMBULA —and MONS. TONSON.
TUESDAY, July 16—THE GENOESE—Laura, by the Young Lady who perfomed that character so successfully on Miss Cushman's Benefit—and ALADDIN.
WEDNESDAY, July 17—Ticket Night—THE DUMB BELLE—LA SONNAMBULA—and NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.
THURSDAY, July 18—Mr. SIMPSON'S Benefit.
FRIDAY, July 19—Mons. MARTIN'S Benefit.
SATURDAY, July 20—First time, the drama of CAPT. KIDD, taken from the novel of the same name, by Professor Ingraham.

DRAMATIC NOTICE.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Profession, that applications for engagements for the approaching season of the Theatres in Virginia can be made to the subscriber at Richmond, Va. The perfect success of the drama, during the last season, in Virginia, has authorized the erection of a new Theatre ("Avon") in Norfolk; and that the same mutual responsibility between the lessee and *artiste* may be continued, in all engagements, therefore, *articles of agreement* will be required. Season to commence about September, and extend to about thirty weeks.

GEORGE JONES,
Lessee and sole director of the "Marshal," "Avon," and "Petersburg" Theatres, Va.

Things Theatrical.

The great event of the week has been CARADORI ALLAN's farewell benefit, at the Park, on Thursday evening. The house was crammed,—a deserved tribute to the brilliant talent and accomplishments of this delightful artiste.

PLACIDE is re-engaged for the Park next season. He is now playing an engagement with Maeder, at Providence.

BARRY of the Tremont, and BARTON of the St. Charles, are in town. The Tremont is still without a lessee; 2 to 1 it is re-leased to Barry. PELBY, who built it, dont care about taking it without the proprietors will buy out his National. The Taglioni's have taken it for four nights.

FORREST and JOHN SEFTON have arrived in town, we hear. They played "to a tremendous business," on alternate nights, at Pittsburg. Sefton will probably be the great creature at the new Eagle Theatre in Chatham-Square.

"What is the sub-committee doing in relation to the complimentary benefit to AUGUSTA?" is a question very general in theatrical circles.

Mathews of the National, wife and daughter, are engaged with Wemyss, at Philadelphia, with Conner, Pickering, Hadaway, and a strong corps de reserve.

Mrs. GEORGE JONES, and Mrs. A. KNIGHT, have arrived in town from the South.

We regret to state that Miss CLIFTON is dangerously ill, not having recovered from the severe indisposition which interrupted her last Southern engagements.

The Camp-Street Theatre, New Orleans, is to be closed next season. BARRETT will probably join the St. Charles company.

An account of the interesting ceremonies attending the laying of the Corner Stone of the Avon Theatre, at Norfolk, is in type, but has been crowded out this week. Mr. GEORGE JONES is the architect and lessee. An advertisement of his, relative to engagements, will be found in another place.

"From what book in the New Testament does CHARLEY PARSONS take his texts, since his conversion?" asked BURTON of JACK SEFTON, the other day. "Why, the *Acts*, to be sure," replied Jemmy Twitcher. "Vel, vot of it?"

JOHNSON, late of the National, goes to the Chesnut-Street, next season.

Mrs. BAILEY has been giving a series of brilliant Concerts at Montreal, and has left for Quebec. Her first was "under the patronage of Lady Colborne," and the second under that of Mrs. General Clitherow.

The Barretts, with Young BURKE and JOHN R. SCOTT, are doing a good business with Ludlow and Smith, at St. Louis. The "News," of the 22d, relates the following:—

Said John Smith to Tom Johnson, "Why do they still call Burke *Master* Burke, the yellow down has long since fuzzed his lip?"

"Why, my boy! because the appellation is entirely correct,—it always has been and always will be; for when a boy, he was certainly *Master* Burke, because of his age, and now he is assuredly *master* of his profession."

CELESTE has arrived at Baltimore, from her Grand Tour to the South and West, where she is said to have made more than Twenty Thousand Dollars. She declines engaging for next season, in consequence of a brilliant offer from the Grand Opera at Paris.

FLYNN and THORN's new theatre in Chatham Square is to be yclept "the Eagle." It will be one of the neatest establishments in the country. It is nearly completed, and will be opened the latter part of next month.

DINNEFORD has taken the Franklin once more, and will open it on Monday week. The last packet brought over to him the youngest, smallest, and latest Roscius that has lately appeared, in the person of Master WILLIAM HUTCHINS, "a chunk of a boy" only four years and a half old. BLAKE has also engaged for him the five Hungarian Singers that have made such a noise in London for the last six months.

Mr. SIMPSON announces that his benefit will take place on Thursday next, when we sincerely hope to see the benches of Old Drury filled with the good old-fashioned play-goers who have been wont for years to turn out *en masse* on these occasions. The false step made by him after the departure of Vestris & Co. has been severely enough rebuked by the withdrawal of their patronage from the theatre by its oldest friends and supporters, and we would fain hope that the matter might now be forgotten, and the audience on this occasion comprise the beauty, fashion, and talent, which for so many years has characterized "a Park audience."

WM. RUFUS BLAKE, *latest* of the Franklin, writes Dinneford from London that he became the lessee of Drury Lane theatre on the 11th June! We incline to think it a second edition of our version of "Barnaby Rudge!" whereby "hangs a tale!" HACKETT wrote our old friend BARNES by the "Liverpool" that he understood such was the fact, but old Jack thinks the Dromio of Ephesus was trying to "come it over" the Dromeo of Syracuse. King William Rufus, however, may be the representative of Capt. Polhill, or "Finsbury Tom" Duncombe—possibly of Stephen Price!

MARBLE is playing at Cincinnati, with Scott and Thorne, we presume. By the bye, when is "the Great Western" (Thorne) to show us the light of his fat, good-looking countenance?

BURTON and the RAVELS are drawing crowds at Niblo's on alternate nights; there is not a place in town where one can spend a pleasanter evening. By the way, where does our friend Niblo buy his "groceries?" Wehave no intention of following his example and buy ours at the same "corner," for the liquors in his bar are not fit to drown flies in. The complaint has become universal, and in all friendship we beg him to amend the matter forthwith, or the next time we drop in on him we won't drink more than a dozen glasses of brandy and water, any how he can mix it.

LETTER FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, June 1, 1839.

My dear P.—You cannot imagine the signal gratification afforded us here by the arrival of "the Spirit," which reaches us with the utmost punctuality; nothing short of "York's tall son" himself could be half so acceptable. In it we see reflected not only the form and spirit of yourself, but "the very age and body of the time" of "home, sweet home." But for you we should "burst in ignorance" as to what Boston, and Monarch, and Portsmouth, and all the other cracks, are doing, and you may rely that N——ll would not lose sight of a single number of the "Spirit" published during the Spring Races for as many francs as would cover its twelve well-filled pages. I confess I am anxious on his account to see what Decatur will do, but you will recollect having put me "up to trap" as to his ability to go the pace with a crowder. Should Decatur be defeated, I trust Awful, formerly owned by N., will put him on good terms with himself, for he is a right clever fellow, and so patriotic, that although he can speak French like a native, he won't here, no how they can fix it.

I wish Col. Johnson would come over here and give the Duke of Orleans and Lord Harry Seymour a taste of his quality. By the bye, the latter has just sold tud —pr obably with an intention of getting into a better strain of blo od.

Has Mr. STEVENS got his yacht *almost* done? How I do long to see it. I think he had best engage you, if he has not already, as the historiographer of the voyage, when he sails "for England, ho!" though perhaps "Capt. TOP," of "the roving '*Corsair*,'" may think, if such a compliment is to be paid to the family, his age and profession give him a prior right.

There is any amount of our countrymen here, so that at parties at the Embassy, or Col. T——'s, you might imagine yourself at home. On the 4th July we are to have a grand celebration.

How does dear old Drury get on, and what has Wallack been doing of late? A letter from W——, who is in London, informed me yesterday that Mr. Stephen Price was to visit us in July, and I am almost confident he will not leave for America this season. He told W—— that Placide would be engaged at the Park next season at any *price*, so you may take that for gospel. Price is very busy for the fall campaign, and Wallack must rise early or he will take the lead the latter so firmly held the past season. I understand that Wallack has got something that will astonish the Gothamites; what attraction it is, I do not know. It would be a grand scheme for either of the managers to obtain the "Elslers." Their fortune would be made. The Rachel mania is still, if possible, on the increase, and one is obliged to procure seats some days beforehand! The opera houses are filled nightly, the concerts crowded, and in fact every one appears to be full of enjoyment. Charles Kean is certainly going to the upper house. Of the veracity of this I am assured. Maywood and daughter have gone to London. Miss M. has made a light but favorable impression with the Londoners as you no doubt are well aware of. When Mr. P. comes here I will obtain all the information I can for you. A Miss Nathan made her *debut* here a few evenings since—for particulars, I refer you to Galignani, which I send you by the packet of the 1st June from Havre.

I have a great idea of trying my hand at a weekly review of our principal theatres here for "the Spirit," and enclose one as a specimen, which you may burn or print "as you —— please!" I have hardly got the regular *hang* of the thing yet, but trust to improve. I was in doubt for some time whether to send it or not, but on reading it over to a party of friends here, they thought you might like it well enough to give it a place. Besides, if one cannot take a liberty with one's friends, who the deuce else can he bore with impunity?

I am collecting the materials for an article—(think of my writing "an article" for the Spirit!—you will say, O Trumpery! O Moses!)—yes, an article on our races in the Champ du Mars. The appearance of the Course is magnificent, but the track is as hard as the Third Avenue, or the wooden pavements laid down in Broadway.

My theatrical review is so long I am ashamed to write more though I have hardly given you any thing in the shape of news. I must give you, however, an account of a splendid ball, to which I had the honour of being invited, given at the British Embassy on the 24th of May, in honor of Her Majesty's birth day. In addition to the whole suite of the ground-floor rooms of that magnificent residence, which were thrown open for this occasion, part of the lawn at the back of the Hotel was formed into a large tent-like apartment, and was filled with the choicest and most exquisitely arranged flowers, plants, etc., so as to give it the appearance of an oriental shrubbery. At the bottom of the staircase a military band was stationed, and in the temporary room the able and spirited orchestra of Messrs Talmant and Dufresne. The Terone-room, in which was a large quadrille band, was reserved for dancing; the principal dining-room for the supper, and the ante-room for the buffet; the other rooms were kept for receptions and conversation. The company began to arrive a little before 10 o'clock, and a long line of carriages continued to drive into the court-yard without intermission till past one. His Excellency the Earl and the Countess Granville did the honours of the evening with their usual kindness and attention. The foreign ambassadors and members of the diplomatic body, the ministers, and other functionaries of state, most of the English and foreign nobility now resident in Paris, besides all the *élite* of French nobility and fashion, including many of the leading members of both Chambers, were present at this festival. The ladies were most splendidly dressed; nearly all wore white roses in honour of Her Majesty, and the display of diamonds was unusually gorgeous; such a concentration of beauty has seldom been witnessed in Paris; but the lady who was incontestibly the great attraction of the night was the lovely Princess Doria, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury. The Princess wore a profusion of diamonds in a tiara, necklace, earrings, and a most magnificent stomacher. At one o'clock the supper-room was thrown open, and, after the guests had partaken of a banquet, at which all the most exquisite dainties were in profusion, the health of Her Britannic Majesty was drunk with the greatest enthusiasm. Dancing was afterwards resumed, and was kept up till five o'clock.

A late Marseilles paper contains a paragraph which I translate for you, as it may be of interest to your readers; I know it will be to one of them, and a lovely woman she is, too.

"The climate of this city (Marseilles) has had such a beneficial effect on the health of Paganini, that he not only takes every afternoon a walk into the country, but was seen, a few days since, enjoying several games at bowls, a sport in which he is *de premiere force*. He is still, however, far from being completely recovered; his voice continues almost totally extinguished, and, as his complaint is a nervous one, he is interdicted by his physicians from music."

And now for the Theatres. I have tried to write a notice in the regular editorial style, and can almost fancy you're saying—"Does your anxious mother know you're out?"

Grand Opera.—A young and promising *debutante*, Mlle. Nathan, appeared on Friday and Monday nights, (24th and 27th May) as Rachael, in M. Halevy's opera of "La Juive," to replace, (alas! that it should be so,) the serious vacuity left by the retirement of Mlle. Falcon, the state of whose voice presents no hope of her early return to the boards. Mlle. Nathan is by birth, like Mlle. Rachael, of the Français, a Jewess, though assuredly, neither of these ladies resemble the fair daughters of Sion so much as Mlle. Falcon, who is, I believe, a Christian in every thing but the character of her beauty. The voice of Mlle. Nathan is a high soprano of firm and clear tone, rather limited, I should imagine, in range, for her lower notes seem not of a quality to be depended upon, at least for the present; but I am sufficiently aware of the disadvantages of a first or second appearance before the public to know that timidity and nervousness may have much impaired her powers. Without having justified the unwise preliminary eulogiums of well-meaning friends, the reception of Mlle. Nathan must have been satisfactory to those interested in her success, who are not blinded by partiality, and who knew the difficulties the *debutante* had to surmount in coming after Mlle. Falcon in her greatest character.

Francais.—M. Amedee de Beauplan, whose name is well known as a writer of the pretty nothings which are warbled each winter, under the title of romances, to music as ephemeral as themselves, round our pianofortes, made his *debut* as a dramatic author at this theatre last week. The flight was ambitious, and the little affair he has produced met at least with as kind a reception as the friends of the author could reasonably expect. It is a one-act comedy, written in verse, and called "Le Susceptible;" the principal character being one of those bores too frequently met with on the stage of life to afford much amusement on the boards, who is always upon the watch for cause of offence. M. Vincent is the name of this intolerable personage, who contrives to make himself, and all who surround him, as miserable as possible. He throws up an excellent post, breaks off the intended marriage of his son, and commits a hundred other follies, which are not only ridiculous but dull. The incidents, characters, and situations, in the piece, are wholly void of originality, and all the efforts of Samson, Provost, and Mlle. Noblet, could not disguise its mediocrity. It was, nevertheless, heard with patience, and applauded at its close—perhaps gratitude to the author for having limited his production to *one* act when he might have extended it to *two* had some share in this indulgent verdict.

Variétiés.—A pretty vaudevile entitled "Geneviève la Blonde," has been favorably received here, in which Mlle. Mayer plays the chief character with a grace and *naivete* quite remarkable. *Geneviève* is a pretty milk girl, whose only fortune is her pails and her ass, with which she daily arrives in Paris to dispose of her merchandise. One luckless day her pails are overthrown, and her ass crushed to death by a passing equipage, which reduces her to despair, when a young painter witnessing her distress generously replaces her stock in trade. Geneviève repays the kindness of the artist with gratitude, and by her humble but innocent affection is the means of preserving him from many dangers, among which is a duel, arising from an intrigue with the celebrated Mme. de Nangis. She also undertakes the care of his infant child, to whom she acts as a mother, until the busy scandal of the village in which she resides is loud in its clamor against her character. Even this she disregards for the sake of her benefactor, who finally rewards her faithful attachment by the offer of his hand. This piece though light in the extreme is written with taste and tact, and merited the favor which followed the announcement of the author's name, M. Bayard.—Another vaudeville has been given to the public here, called "Les trois Lievres," founded upon the ancient proverb, "Il ne faut pas courir deux lievres a la fois." The heroine is a pretty coquette, who in angling for a husband keeps three suitors in play until she loses them all. When we meet very old friends of this description on the stage, we own that a slight infusion of originality, or humor, or ingenuity of plot, seem requisite. In the present affair I find none of these, and, though fairly performed, the piece is a *beau ideal* of insignificance.

Vaudeville.—One of those court sketches of M. Ancelot, the production of which have earned for their author a kind of reputation, was brought out here a few nights since, called "Mancini, ou la Famille de Mazarin." The subject, though delicately handled by the author, is one which a more healthy taste would indignantly banish from the stage. It consists of the revolting intrigues of Cardinal Mazarin and his family to secure the favor of Louis XIV., in which Mazarin having prostituted two of his nieces successively to that most selfish of despots, the sisters, with the aid of a brother, a worthy scion of the stock, are engaged in the odious task of endeavoring to ruin each other in the eyes of Louis. One of them, to effect this pious purpose, plays the delicate part—as the Cardinal had done before her—of pander to the Royal libertine, but the design is defeated by the resolute honesty of the intended victim, a young girl, who prefers to be the wife of an humble *employé* who loves her, than the temporary mistress of *le grand monarque*, who never loved any thing upon earth but himself. The piece is well played by Mlle. Fargueul, Mme. Taigny and her husband, and Mme. Doligny. But neither good acting nor graceful writing can render such a subject fit for representatien.

Gaité.—The stirring times of York and Lancaster, with the sanguinary episode of Perkin Warbeck, has furnished this theatre with the subject of a melodrama, entitled "Marquerite d' York." *Warbeck* is represented as the son of a poor Jew, who is burnt in Smithfield by order of a certain Lord Lincoln. In order to avenge the death of his parent, he throws himself at the feet of Queen Margaret, whose life he has accidentally been the means of preserving, and solicits her aid. Margaret, whose heart is touched with something more tender than pity for the young Israelite, promises to assist him, and commences by declaring him to be the heir to the throne, supposed to have been assassinated in the town by order of the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. She soon discovers, however, that Warbeck is attached to another woman—that woman, strange to say, being his wife—upon which, in a fit of jealousy, she denounces him to the assembled barons as an impostor, when he is immediately condemned to death, and committed to the tower to await the hour of execution. The Queen's tenderness for him again returning, she flies to his dungeon, and throws open its doors for him to escape. As Warbeck is about to pass, his old enemy, Lord Lincoln, presents himself at the entrance to bar his way. They fight: Lincoln falls, and the pretender finally effects his retreat in safety. The Queen, when the headsman enters to demand the condemned, points to the body of Lincoln as that of the intended victim, and the curtain falls. Though the scene of this melodrama might be laid in Spain, Germany, France or Italy, as much as in England, looking to its adherence to history, it is a striking and effective piece, and was received throughout with unanimous applause. M. Fournier was named as the writer with the usual honors. As a pendant, or prefix, to the above, a vaudeville, entitled "Les Preventions," has been also produced; it is an inoffensive bagatelle.

Ambigu—A trifle, called "Le Moine et le Canard," has been produced here, and received with a moderate share of favor, as was also a little *pièce de circonstance* on the present exhibition of the products of French manufactures in the Champs Elysees, called "Une heure d' Exposition."

The "Wreck of the Medusa" at the Renaissance has been postponed in consequence of the indisposition of the principal tenor, a *debutant*. It is positively announced for to-morrow or Saturday.

Ever yours, JUAN.

The force of habit strong in death.—The friends of a dissipated young man hit upon the following novel expedient in the hope of effecting his reformation. Having a couple of coffins prepared for the purpose, and placed in the family vault, on his being brought home one night in a senseless condition, they conveyed him thither, and stowed him snugly away in one of them, a member of the family taking possession of the other to watch his movements. After remaining for some time incased in his "prison house," he aroused from his stupor and gazing round in astonishment at his new residence, exclaimed:—

"Am I dead!"
"Certainly," rejoined his sepulchral friend.
"How long have I been here?" he asked.
"About three years," was the answer.
"And how long have you been here?" he again enquired.
"Seven years," responded his companion.
"Well, as you have been dead longer than I have, I suppose you kow then best place to get *something to drink!*"

Visiter.

Absence of Mind.—(Neat but not imported.) Brother Jonathan is a cute lad in forgetting things, but the talent is not wholly monopolized by him. We know several friends who are proverbial for forgetting they ever borrow gilt-edged books and silk umbrellas. Last week a defendant pleaded in one of our Courts of Law that he forgot having drunk two gallons of brandy—and about a fortnight ago Mr. John Newman, corn-dealer, of Rayne, having quietly trotted over to Braintree market, put up his horse at the Bell, handled a few samples, drew a few checks, and then leisurely walked home again, quite unconscious that he ought to have been an equestrian, till he entered his own yard, and was accosted by his man with, "Lawk, master, have you sold your horse!" What an opportunity for some way-worn traveller to mount old Dobbin, and forget he never bought him.

Exeter Herald.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839 enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 9) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide*," engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Other Engravings are in hand, and will appear immediately.

The "Spirit of the Times" was established by its present Editor Dec. 10, 1831; the *Old Series* contained Five Volumes. On the 20th Feb., 1836, a *New Series* was commenced which closed on the 23d of Feb., 1839, comprising Three Volumes; a very few copies of the last two may be had bound at the Office, or they will be sent in sheets to order through the Mail.

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